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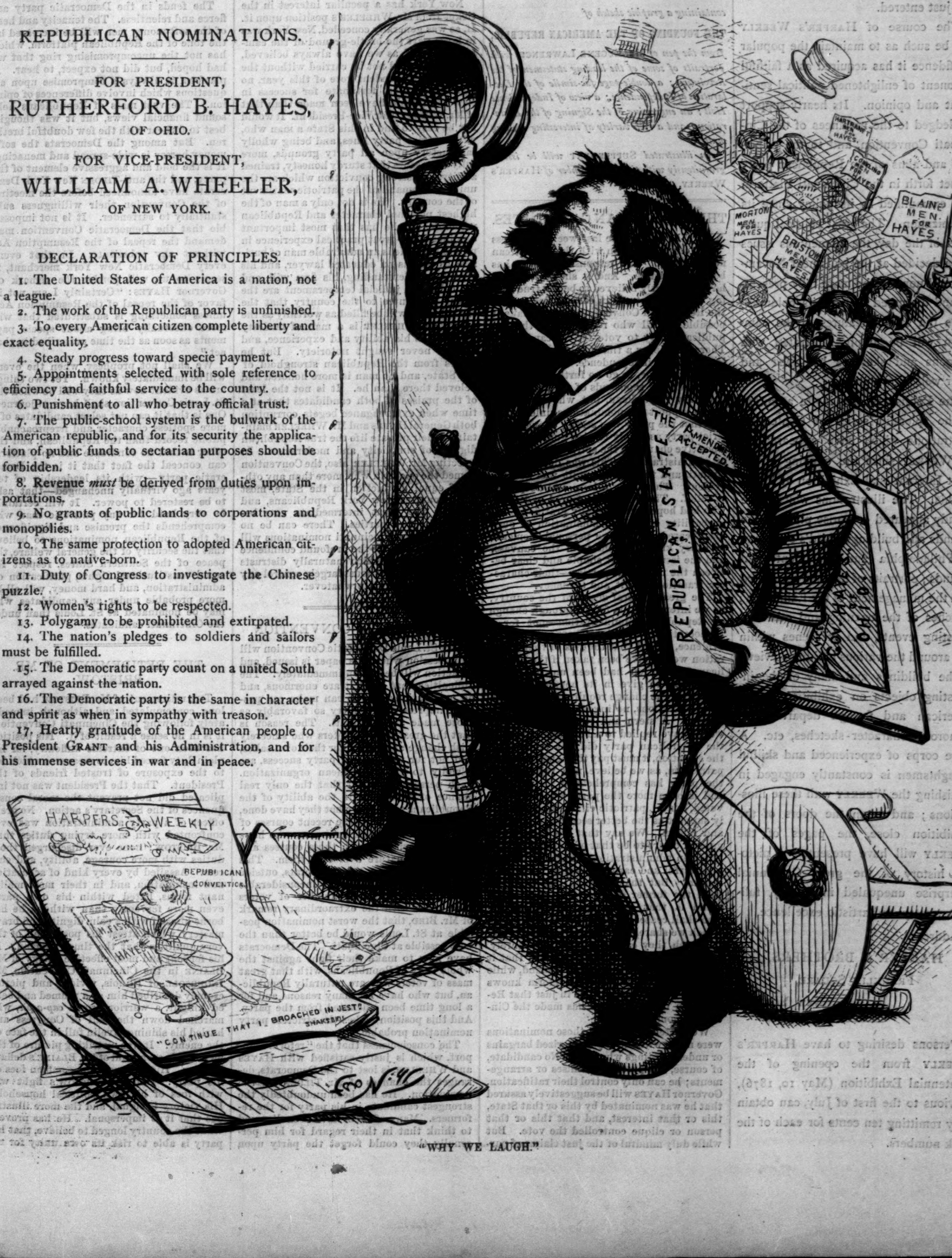
REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,
RUTHERFORD B. HAYES,
OF OHIO.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM A. WHEELER,
OF NEW YORK.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

1. The United States of America is a nation, not a league.
2. The work of the Republican party is unfinished.
3. To every American citizen complete liberty and exact equality.
4. Steady progress toward specie payment.
5. Appointments selected with sole reference to efficiency and faithful service to the country.
6. Punishment to all who betray official trust.
7. The public-school system is the bulwark of the American republic, and for its security the application of public funds to sectarian purposes should be forbidden.
8. Revenue *must* be derived from duties upon importations.
9. No grants of public lands to corporations and monopolies.
10. The same protection to adopted American citizens as to native-born.
11. Duty of Congress to investigate the Chinese puzzle.
12. Women's rights to be respected.
13. Polygamy to be prohibited and extirpated.
14. The nation's pledges to soldiers and sailors must be fulfilled.
15. The Democratic party count on a united South arrayed against the nation.
16. The Democratic party is the same in character and spirit as when in sympathy with treason.
17. Hearty gratitude of the American people to President GRANT and his Administration, and for his immense services in war and in peace.


HARTRANFT MEN FOR HAYES.
CONKLING MEN FOR HAYES
BLAINE MEN. FOR HAYES.
MORTON MEN FOR HAYES
BRISTOW MEN FOR HAYES.
THE REPUBLICAN SLATE (S)
THE AMENDMENT ACCEPTED
FOR THE PRESIDENCY H. FISH
GOV. HAYES OHIO.
HARPERS WEEKLY
REPUBLICAN CONVENTION
H. FISH
HAYES
"CONTINUE THAT I BROACHED IN JEST?" SHAKSPEARE
TH. N.

"WHY WE LAUGH."

HARPER'S WEEKLY
FOR THE
PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN
AND
THE CENTENNIAL.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1876.

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THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

WE had only time last week to express our satisfaction with the Republican nominations. The response to them has been remarkable. And it shows what we have constantly believed to be the true feeling of the country—an earnest desire that the Republican Convention should make it possible for all who really prefer the Republican party to vote for its candidates. There was never a time of so general political and party independence. In the State of New York alone, to go no further, there are thousands and thousands of voters who are naturally Republican, but who were sure not to support the nominations unless they saw that the party was strong enough in a strict party assembly to give guarantees of a positive change in the spirit and tendency of administration. This was done at Cincinnati, and the happy result was at once evident. There was a long and deep sigh of relief. Those who had feared and those who had hoped were equally gratified. All probability of a third nomination at once disappeared. Offensive personal elements of every kind dropped from the canvass, and the issue was left simple and clear between the two great parties—their character, traditions, spirit, and tendency.

The great general desire of the country, as we interpret it, is for a thorough change of Republican administration—not for a Democratic restoration. There is plenty of evidence, indeed, that the risk of that restoration would have been taken if the Republican Convention had been unwise. If it had failed to give in its nominations the earnest of the change required, no platform, no protestations, no ingenuity, would have availed. A stern and resolute patriotism would have replied to all argument, that if the Republican party did not understand the situation, it must pay the penalty. That patriotism, as we believe, now rejoices that the party has comprehended its position, and is once more the party which the devoted, honest, patriotic citizen may cordially support as the better security of progress and reform. We say that we believe the general desire to be that of a change of Republican administration. There is, indeed, a powerful and earnest demand for specific reform. But that is much less universal than the former desire. The general demand is that extravagance and corruption shall cease. The particular conviction, which we share, is that there is but one way in which they can be abated most surely. The triumph of the Convention is that it has responded to the general demand, while every friend of the special reform knows that its hope of success lies in just that Republican instinct which has made the Cincinnati nominations.

We hasten to add that those nominations were made without any authorized bargains or understandings whatever. No candidate, of course, can prevent promises or arrangements; he can only control their ratification. Governor HAYES will be suggestively assured that he was nominated by this or that State, this or that interest, and that this or that person or clique controlled the vote. But while duly mindful of the just claims of party relations and necessities, Governor HAYES is thoroughly his own master. His action is to be inferred from his character and his sympathies. His character is that of a pure and self-relying man, and his sympathies are warmly with the better elements and tendencies of the Republican party. His election, therefore, will be in itself the assurance of the ascendency of those tendencies. He is not a candidate whom the rings and traders wanted, but the one whom they were obliged to accept. The friends of Mr. BRISTOW, from New England to Kentucky, agreed that the time had come to move, and they moved substantially together for General HAYES. They had striven manfully for a candidate who represented aggressive honesty of administration, and in transferring their votes they gave them to a man who is in sympathy with them and their aims. Nothing more accurate has been said of the nominations than the remark of the Springfield *Republican*, that "it is in the nature of a compromise, but still a reform victory."

New York has a peculiar interest in the ticket from Mr. WHEELER'S position upon it. If, as was generally conceded, New York was in large part the battle-ground of the campaign, and if, as we have always believed, New York could not be carried without the immense independent vote of this year, no nomination more fortunate for success in New York could have been made than that of Mr. WHEELER for Vice-President. It would not be easy to find in this State a man who, within strict party lines, and being wholly satisfactory upon all party grounds, more fully represents that sturdy honesty, trained ability, and strong conviction which are the universal demand of the patriotic sentiment of the country. He is not only a man of the highest personal character and Republican principle, but he has that most important qualification—great practical experience in public life. He is an admirable man of business as well as an educated lawyer, and his vigorous understanding, his firm will, and his calm and judicial temperament are the happy guarantee to the country that the second office will be filled as worthily as the first. Mr. WHEELER is a man of modesty as great as his ability and experience, and he has never sought notoriety. But he comes from the Republican stronghold of the State, and no man is more honored and beloved there than he. It is not the least of the praises of both candidates that at a time when extravagance begets corruption both General HAYES and Mr. WHEELER maintain in their private life the true Republican dignity of simplicity and moderation. In selecting Mr. WHEELER, also, the Convention named the one man who, more than any other of equal distinction in the State, most truly reunites New York Republicans, and satisfies the great intermediate vote between the two parties. There can be no doubt that the Cincinnati nominations will win more and more the profound confidence of the country, which naturally distrusts the influences that must largely control any Democratic candidate whatever.

THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

THE St. Louis Democratic Convention will be in session when this paper is issued, and its action will be known immediately. The difficulties that beset it are enormous, and no nominations that it can make can possibly impress the country so favorably as those made at Cincinnati. The reason is that the great mass of voters who sincerely wish change and reform for their own sakes, and not for the sake of party success, are friendly to the Republican organization. Such persons have felt that the only real chance of reform lay in the ability of the Republicans to do just what they have done, that is, to break with the recent courses of the party, and to nominate men who have had no association with those courses and who are by nature averse to them. This situation leaves to the Democrats, outside their party lines, only that inconsiderable and virtually invisible number of voters who agree with the extraordinary remark of Mr. BIRD, that the worst nomination possible at St. Louis would be better than the best possible at Cincinnati. The Democrats have now to make their fight against the whole body of Republicans, with that great mass of voters who are naturally Republican, but who have for many reasons and for a long time been alienated from the party. And this position makes the strictest party nomination probable.

The consciousness that the "reform" support, which is justly satisfied with HAYES and WHEELER, is lost to the Democrats, deranges the chances of Mr. TILDEN for the nomination. He has been undoubtedly the strongest candidate in his party for the reformers. Many of them have been disposed to think that in their regard for him personally they could forget the party upon which he must rely. This feeling would be more important if the government were personal instead of popular. But Mr. TILDEN, with the men, the influences, the passions, the feelings, the tendencies, which are behind him, and which would shape his administration, could certainly offer to no reformer the hope and encouragement which are presented by the personal character, the political sympathies and convictions, of men like HAYES and WHEELER, with all the purposes and convictions behind them. There will be an opportunity, also, to see if the result of the St. Louis Convention confirms the almost uniform precedent, that no man is nominated who conspicuously and urgently seeks a nomination. There is no mystery in this fact, and there need be no superstition. The explanation is that such a seeker antagonizes all other candidates and alienates their friends. If he prove to be very strong in the Convention, it is he against the field, and the field combines, and naturally, upon a compromise candidate to defeat him.

The feuds in the Democratic party are fierce and relentless. The tenacity and heat of the soft-money men will be increased by the tone of the Republican platform, which has not the uncompromising ring that we had hoped, but did not expect, to hear. A platform is always a compromise upon all questions which involve differences of opinion. The vast mass of Republicans hold sound financial views, but it was thought best to forbear with the few doubtful brethren. But among the Democrats the soft-money heresy is wide-spread and menacing. It is the bold and aggressive element of the party, and the anti-TILDEN New York Democrats have announced before the meeting of the Convention their willingness substantially to surrender. It is not impossible that the Democratic Convention may demand the repeal of the Resumption Act without any substitute. In that event every Democratic New York merchant, it seems to us, will ponder the remark of Governor HAYES: "Certainly I am not in favor of the repeal of the Resumption Act, unless something is substituted that will more effectually bring about specie payments as soon as the time prescribed in that act."

We shall not prophesy, when the event will be immediately known. Yet two things are as evident now as they will be when the St. Louis Convention shall have adjourned. One is that it can not select candidates of a more spotless character and irreproachable public record than the Republican, and the other is that no candidate and no platform can conceal the fact that it is the Democratic party—with its leadership of ten years ago virtually unchanged—that asks to be restored to power. It will certainly be very hard for any patriotic man who comprehends the promise and significance of the Republican nominations to believe that the security of the general welfare, the peace of the Southern States, respect for equal constitutional rights, purification of administration, and hard money, will all be more probable under any candidates who may be nominated at St. Louis than under the Cincinnati candidates.

THE RETIREMENT OF MR. BRISTOW.

THE retirement of Mr. BRISTOW had been long contemplated, and although immediately following the Cincinnati Convention, it is in no sense a result of it. His position has been one of extreme difficulty, for his plain duty forced him to measures which led to the exposure of trusted friends of the President. That the President was not implicated did not prevent the moral consequences of the Secretary's action. No great officer of a party administration was ever confronted with more trying duties than Mr. BRISTOW; none ever discharged those duties with more courage, ability, and success. Assailed by every kind of accusation and insinuation, and in their most malignant forms, hated within his own party even more fervently than without, he has borne himself with a calm dignity and brave mastery which attest his possession of the very qualities that the times demand. In his fervent and most effective eulogy of Mr. BLAINE in the Cincinnati Convention, Mr. INGERSOLL, of Illinois, vividly and picturesquely described him as a plumed and belted knight, a warrior armed *cap-a-pie,* who marched down the hall of Congress and hurled his shining javelin full in the face of the enemy. It was a striking picture of the memorable scene and of Mr. BLAINE'S defiant bearing. His foes were the common foes of his party. But Mr. BRISTOW'S fight was with foes of his own political household. His victory is signal, and the more illustrious that it is impersonal. He has proved, what the country longed to believe, that his party is able to risk its own unity for reform; and, taking the risk, it has saved itself and renewed its vitality.

Mr. Bristow retires with the unqualified confidence and admiration of the country. To his successors he leaves as the result of his administration the great lesson that official heroism, grasp, and resolution will shatter the most powerful and dextrous combinations. Except for his presence and attitude in General Grant's cabinet, the prospects of the Republican party in this campaign would have been exceedingly sombre. That they are now so bright as almost certainly to promise an overwhelming and inspiring victory is chiefly due to the fact that Mr. Bristow has been Secretary of the Treasury. Circumstances made him the representative of that conviction and purpose in and out of the party without whose support success was impossible. His name became the synonym of reform in and by the party and for the country. And that purpose has conquered, although under another name.

In withdrawing for the present from official life, Mr. Bristow withdraws from constant and grave annoyance, and from a position which he has retained solely from a high sense of public duty. But no man in political life has been of more unostentatious public service, also, beyond the strict official line. For he has shown the priceless value to a party of courageous independence of party. We use the word party, but we mean by it the very small part which speaks in its name. Truly speaking, the Republican party has sustained Mr. Bristow, but those who assume to speak for it have not liked him. Yet he has the proud and happy consciousness that by the earnest, intelligent, conscientious mass of the party, and by those who regard party not as an end but as a means, his course has been most closely watched and most heartily approved. And this, if we do not mistake the man, will be to him a higher gratification than official distinction.

DELEGATES AND INSTRUCTIONS.

There was one precedent of very great importance established by the Cincinnati Convention. It decided that a National Convention is an assembly of individual delegates, and that every one of them votes upon his own responsibility. This is the true principle, and it will hereafter hardly be seriously questioned in such a Convention. The discussion arose upon the protest of a Pennsylvania delegate that his vote was not correctly reported by the chairman of the delegation, and he appealed to the Convention for protection. The utmost confusion followed. Mr. M'Pherson, of Pennsylvania, the president of the Convention, ruled that the delegate was entitled to cast his vote as he preferred. It was alleged in reply that the State Convention of Pennsylvania, which sent the delegates, elected all of them without their designation by the districts, and expressly instructed them to cast the vote only as the majority of all the delegates should decide, and by way of sting to the president, it was further stated that Mr. M'Pherson himself had written the stringent resolution. Amidst very great excitement and uproar the debate went on, and finally the Convention was brought to a vote upon the ruling of the chairman, which was sustained by a vote of 395 to 354, and thus the rule was established.

The substance of the decision is that the vote of every delegate is to be received as he chooses to cast it, and that the National Convention has nothing to do with the instructions of a State Convention or the action of the majority of a State delegation. Differences between a delegate and his State Convention or delegation must be settled between them outside of the National Convention. Nothing could be more just, and many persons will be amazed that there should have been so many votes recorded against it. But it must be remembered that every question of this kind in a National Convention is determined by its bearings upon the chances of candidates. It was felt that the ruling of the president was intended to help Mr. Blaine—although in the end it proved disastrous to him—and therefore the friends of Mr. Blaine generally supported it, while his adversaries opposed it. The president of the Convention, Mr. M'Pherson, is a thorough master of parliamentary practice, and his ruling was instinctive. Nor was there any thing inconsistent in it with the resolution of the Pennsylvania Convention which he was said to have written. That resolution instructed the delegation to vote as the majority should direct—a very mischievous and outrageous resolution—but it did not provide any remedy for the case of a delegate who should disregard it in the National Convention. Mr. M'Pherson merely ruled upon the legal right of the delegate, not upon his moral obligation to his State or to his delegation. That is another question altogether, and to that Mr. Cornell made the proper reply in a meeting of the New York delegation, whose proceedings have been fully reported in the papers. When he was asked whether he considered the Syracuse resolution an instruction, he said that he did, and that any one who did not must settle the question with the Republican party of New York. That is the true settlement, whether in New York or Pennsylvania. The Convention could not rightfully deny the legal right of Mr. Futhey, of Pennsylvania, to vote for Mr. Blaine if he chose. If he had made a promise or was morally bound to do otherwise, the Convention could not insist upon his keeping his word. But if the Republican party of his State should be dissatisfied by his action, it could punish him as it pleased.

There still remains the question of the moral obligation of an instruction from a State Convention. Every man will answer it according to his view of its right to instruct him. If, as he should, he considers himself the delegate of one of the districts upon which the whole representation in the National Convention is based, he will recognize no authority in other districts to control the expression of the preference of his own. The talk in such a case about the rightful rule of the majority is either crafty or stupid. Those who insist that thirty-six delegates may rightfully bind thirty-four, insist upon a rule which may very easily defeat the will of the majority of the National Republican Convention. The nomination of General Hayes illustrates this, for he was nominated by a majority of five votes. It is, in fact, those who dread the fair rule of the majority in a National Convention who seek to outwit it by this contrivance of the unit rule, which is, in effect, a gag for the majority. The solution of the difficulty lies in the plan of district conventions, which was adopted in Massachusetts. Let the State Convention name the delegates at large, and the district conventions the district delegates. For it is as preposterous that the State should assume to select the latter as it would be for a State Convention to undertake to nominate candidates for Congress.

When all is said, also, there remains the ultimate question of the right of any selecting body to "instruct" a delegate. In any case, no honorable man vested with such a trust would hesitate to use his discretion, and to disregard instructions if, in his judgment, the object sought by the instructions could be more surely secured by disregarding them. A delegate goes to a nominating Convention for the highest welfare of the country through the wisest possible action of the party. He can not know, except at the time and on the spot, what that action should be. And to insist that instructions to vote for a particular person shall bind him, when he sees that they must injure the cause, is merely foolish. No man who is fit for the responsibility of delegate to a nominating Convention should be willing to submit to instructions. New Yorkers have only to recall the great example of Alexander Hamilton, who was sent with Yates and Lansing to the Constitutional Convention of 1787, in the words of the legislative act, "for the sole and express purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation." But when the wholly new national Constitution was proposed, he did not hesitate to stay and support it, although his two colleagues withdrew. The policy of instructions is fatal to a truly representative government. For while a constituency will naturally select a representative who agrees with its general purpose, if it sincerely trusts him it will leave the selection of means to his discretion.

SECRETARY MORRILL.

Mr. Bristow is succeeded in the Treasury by Senator Morrill, of Maine—an appointment which has properly received the most unqualified commendation. Mr. Morrill is a man of spotless character, of great ability and experience, of sound judgment and good sense. He has been in public life since 1852, and was one of the first Republicans. He has been Governor of his native State, and long a Senator. His views upon the general subject of the currency and resumption are understood to be those of the President and of the hard-money Republicans, and there is no reason to doubt that in this respect Mr. Morrill is a worthy successor of Mr. Bristow. As a man of strong will and positive convictions, with a vigorous hatred of thievery of every kind and degree, the country has reason to believe that he will not flinch from any good work of reform which his predecessor has begun. The new Secretary enters upon his duties with the confidence of all patriotic citizens, and he may be sure of their vigorous support in a bold and decided administration.

PERSONAL.

Edward H. Rollins, the new United States Senator from New Hampshire, is a native of that State, and fifty-two years of age. He was a member of the State Legislature in 1855, 1856, and 1857, serving as Speaker the last two years. He was chairman of the State Republican Committee in 1856, and is conceded to be one of the best political organizers in New England. In 1861 he was elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1863 and 1865, serving four years as chairman of the Committee on Accounts, and two years on the Committee on Public Expenditures.

—The moment a Connecticut man becomes rich, he makes a gift to Yale College. The number of persons who have made donations to the college library has become so large that the tablets in the library building have been entirely filled with names, and two new ones will soon be placed in position, in which the following names of recent contributors will be cut: Henry Whiting Scott, Charles Howell Board, Henry Farnam, Othniel Charles Marsh, Frederick William Stevens, George Peabody Wetmore, James Dwight Dana, James Edward English, Richard Simpson Fellows, and Thomas Hooker.

—It is stated in an English paper that "George Eliot" has netted £40,000 by *Daniel Deronda*. Forty thousand copies have been printed and sold in eight parts at 5s. each, and the royalty of the gifted authoress is £1 per copy. This is the largest sum that has ever been paid for copyright. Macaulay was paid a check of £20,000 by the Longmans for the two volumes of his history, and his biographer records his satisfaction at having beat the popularity of Scott or Bulwer. But "George Eliot" has now left them all behind.

—The Woman's Hotel, erected by the late Alexander T. Stewart, is rapidly approaching completion. It will be comfortably furnished, and good meals will be provided at a cost of not more than forty-five cents per day.

—Mr. Augustus Hemenway, of Boston, who died on the 16th of June at his plantation in Cuba, was formerly a prominent merchant, and said to be at the time of his death the wealthiest man in New England. Fifteen years ago, being satisfied that his mind was becoming affected, he sent for his lawyer, and ordered him to draw up a power of attorney confiding his business to his brother and two others, went to Litchfield, Connecticut, placed himself under the care of an eminent medical man there, passed his time in quest of quiet amusement, glanced at the daily papers, but would never allow the word business to be mentioned to him. About eighteen months ago, deeming himself mentally and physically sound, his doctor concurring, he suddenly resumed business, gave to his partners all the large profits of his thirteen years of seclusion, and took control. Since then he has been as active as ever. He had large interests in Cuba, South America, New York, and elsewhere, and had enormous transactions with the Barings, and it is said that during his entire career he never made unsuccessful operations.

—The late William B. Astor's will as to personal property in England has been probated in that country, where he had $2,000,000 in "British consols." A separate probate for that country was legally necessary.

—A. B. Fleming & Co., the London printing-ink manufacturers, printed the advertisements for the Centennial Exhibition in seventy-four different languages on a sheet 19 by 24 inches.

—The present Sultan of Turkey is the thirty-second, and the twenty-ninth since the conquest of Constantinople. The business was commenced by Othman in 1299, and there has been trouble there nearly all the while since.

—Mr. Charles J. Kerr has in preparation a life of the late Reverdy Johnson.

—When Oliver Wendell Holmes visited the Centennial he incidentally called at Girard College, and was shown about under the guidance of a boy usher. When they stopped at the room where Stephen Girard's old carriage is, which has much the appearance of the "One-horse Shay," Mr. Holmes mentioned to the boy usher, "That is a very old carriage." The boy replied that it reminded him of the "One-horse Shay." Mr. Holmes asked if he had read it. "Yes, Sir, and 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' too." Mr. Holmes asked, "What can I do for your kindness to me and your attention?" The boy said, "I would like to shake your hand, Sir." Mr. Holmes said that was a very small affair, and wished to do more. "Well, Sir, will you give me a photograph of Oliver Wendell Holmes?" Mr. Holmes having a photograph in his pocket, wrote his name upon it and presented it to the boy.

—Mr. O. H. P. Archer, of this city, has given to the Newark Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church a new church building. Mr. Archer dispenses in an unostentatious way large sums to deserving charities.

—Professor Huxley will arrive in this city early in August for a brief visit, and will deliver three lectures.

—The late Sultan was a good Sultan to depose, as Sultans go. He was a very expensive potentate, and required the personal attendance of many helpers. In one way and another, between five and six thousand people were employed in looking after his wants. In the stables 935 equerries, grooms, etc., took care of 625 saddle-horses. On the average, twenty-five carriages were yearly bought for him in Europe, some of which cost as much as $20,000. The private menagerie contains more than 150 lions, tigers, etc., and cost a million a year. His harem contained 1500 women, and the single item of sweetmeats for their consumption amounted to $80,000 a year. His forty-eight doctors, apothecaries, etc., received $130,000 a year; his astrologer, $2500. His private band of 301 musicians received always double pay. Since he came to the throne he built two palaces and six kiosks, the former of which are of the dimensions of a small town. It is estimated that the annual amount of his whole housekeeping and personal expenses was not less than $60,000,000.

—Occasionally we hear of tenancies in Scotland, "from sire to son," running on for centuries. One of these is mentioned in late English papers, that of Mr. James Richardson, at Thistleholm, Dumfries-shire, who, in leaving the farm, exhibited documents which showed that his ancestors had been in the occupancy of the farm for a period exceeding 400 years. They were tenants of the Lords Carlyle of Torthorwald when James II. was killed, at the siege of Roxburgh, in 1460. For more than two centuries they remained under the Carlyles, but in 1638 the estate of Torthorwald was purchased by the second Earl of Queensberry, and is now the property of his descendant, the Marquis of Queensberry. The trustees of the marquis have recently, as leases terminated, been uniting several farms into one possession, and, among others, Thistleholm is to be joined to a neighboring farm.

—Mr. D. Chadwick, M.P. for Macclesfield, England, has presented to the town a free library containing 10,000 volumes. The cost was $25,000.

—The King of Italy has accepted the honorary presidency of the Philadelphia committee formed with the object of erecting a statue in memory of Christopher Columbus. His Majesty has addressed his congratulations to the committee.

—The recent donation of $300,000 to the Vanderbilt University by the venerable Commodore makes the total of his gifts to and endowment of that institution a round million of dollars. Of this amount, the interest on $600,000—$42,000—is to be perpetually used in carrying on the university. The tuition fees will swell it to $50,000. The children of ministers, of all denominations, having an active pastorage are to be taught free, thus making the institution broad and catholic in its scope—a university, in fact, for the masses, without reference to religious predilections. Vanderbilt University is now the best-endowed educational institution in the South. In the matter of professorships and all that is necessary to secure a thorough education in any department it will be second to none in the whole country. Great care has been exercised in the filling of its chairs. The men who may be called to fill other professorships will be of the same calibre. All its apparatus is of the best modern design and construction, its museum and library are expanding into magnificent proportions, and its educational facilities in all departments unexcelled.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Belknap impeachment trial was resumed by the Senate, June 19, the pending question being on the request of the accused for postponement until November. After some discussion, it was voted that the paper be filed and the trial proceed on the 6th of July. It was also decided, by a vote of 21 to 16, that the trial can only be held while Congress is in session. On the same day, Mr. S. S. Cox was again appointed Speaker *pro tem.* of the House. The Army Appropriation Bill passed the House, June 19.—On the 20th, Senator Sherman, from the Committee on Finance, reported back the House joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue $10,000,000 of silver coin in exchange for legal-tender notes. The committee had struck out the word "now" from the clause "may issue silver coin now in the Treasury." The bill went over. The Senate laid over the House bill to repeal the Bankrupt Law till the first day of the next session. The Indian Appropriation Bill was again discussed in the Senate on the 20th. The total amount appropriated by the bill is $5,088,209 18, or nearly a million more than proposed by the House. The Naval Appropriation Bill passed the Senate on the 23d. It increases the House Appropriation by $3,685,000, or $896,000 less than last year. The bill equalizing bounties was passed by the House on the 20th. It allows to all enlisted men, soldiers, sailors, and marines (including slaves and Indians), eight and one-third dollars for their period of service between the 12th of April, 1861, and the 9th of May, 1865, deducting all bounties already paid under the United States or State laws. The bill is not to apply to substitutes, men who were prisoners of war at the time of enlistment, or men who were discharged on their own application for other causes than disability incurred in the service prior to the 19th of April, 1865 (unless such discharge was obtained with a view to re-enlistment or to accept a promotion), or to persons discharged on the ground of minority. All applications for bounties under the bills are to be filed within five years. The Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill was reported to the House the same day. It appropriates $14,587,840, or $12,056,510 less than the bill of last year.—On the 21st, the Senate passed the House bill, with slight amendment, providing for the issue of $10,000,000 of subsidiary silver coin for legal tenders. The Indian Appropriation Bill was passed by the Senate on the 21st. The third section, abolishing the Indian Bureau, and transferring the office of Indian Affairs to the War Department, was stricken out. Senator Morton submitted a resolution instructing the Committee on Privileges and Elections to inquire what laws, if any, protect the inviolability of private dispatches sent by magnetic telegraph, and what legislation is necessary to prevent the seizure of such dispatches by unauthorized or irresponsible persons, and report by bill or otherwise. Agreed to.

E. H. Rollins (Republican), June 20, was elected United States Senator from New Hampshire.

Senator Lot M. Morrill, of Maine, was nominated and confirmed, June 21, as Secretary of the Treasury, in place of B. H. Bristow, resigned.

The boiler of the tug-boat *H. J. Workman*, lying at Pier 39, North River, exploded, June 20, killing three men, and damaging property to the amount of $35,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, June 20, the Duc d'Omano (Bonapartist) introduced a bill granting liberty of the press. The Senate, on the 21st, confirmed the election of M. Buffet, and the new Senator took his seat among the members of the Right Centre. A resolution in favor of the abolition of capital punishment, offered by Victor Schoelcher and seconded by Jules Favre, was rejected. The bureaus of the Senate elected the committee on the University Education Bill. The committee consists of six opponents and three supporters of the bill. This result is due to the fact that the members of the Right are more equally distributed among the various bureaus, instead of their strength being wasted by concentration to one or two. An examination of the total number of votes cast in the bureau shows that 132 Senators were opposed to the bill and 131 in favor of it. Several Senators, however, abstained from voting who are expected to support the bill on the final ballot.

A dispatch from Mukhtar Pasha confirms the report that a convoy with provisions entered Nicsic, June 17, without encountering the insurgents, and another set out for the place on the 20th.

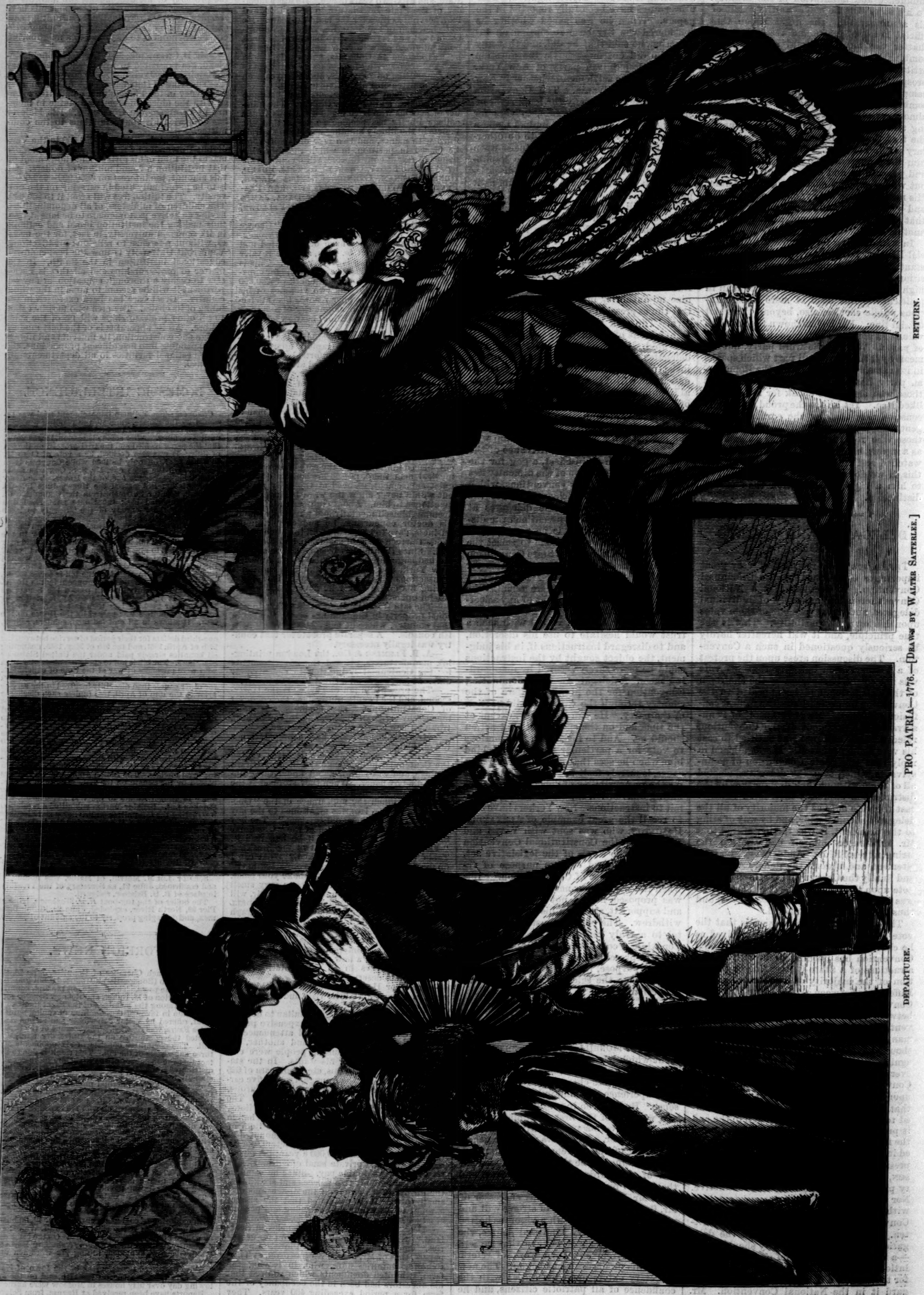
The Prussian Chamber of Peers has passed the bill making German the official language throughout the kingdom. The Polish members were violent in their opposition to the measure, and were several times called to order during the debate.

The war between Abyssinia and Egypt terminated on the 9th of March last, and there has been no fighting since.

An explosion of coal gas occurred, June 19, on board the ship *Atalanta* at the wharf at Cardiff, Wales; six men were killed and several injured. On the same day a quantity of dynamite in a joiner's shop, in Burbank Road, Glasgow, exploded, killing six workmen and wrecking several houses.

A fire destroyed three-fourths of the town of Kadschovy, in the Caucasus, on the 17th, and on the following day over fifty houses in Moscow were burned.

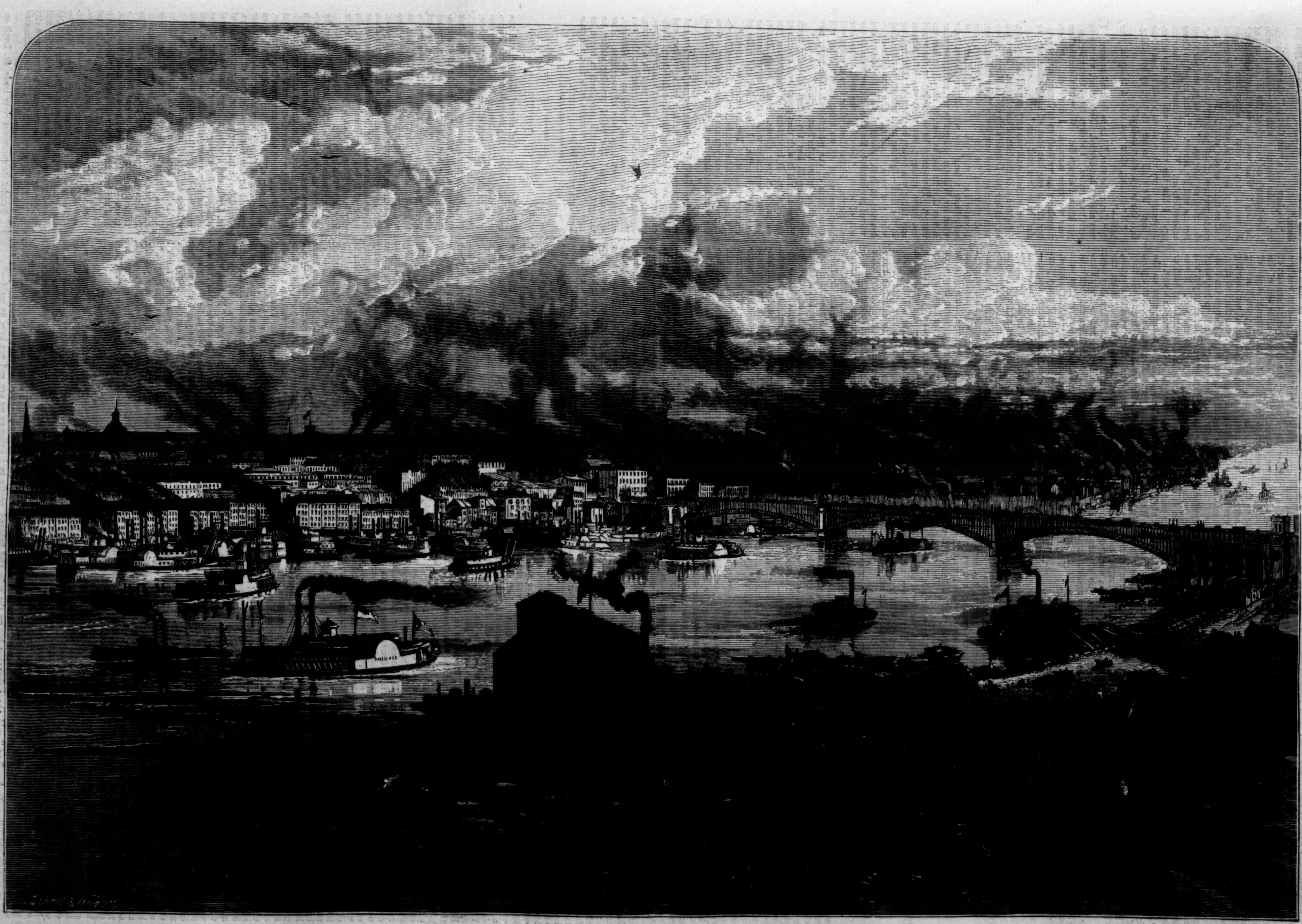
Reports have been received at Ragusa, from Sclavonic sources, that Prince Karageorgewitz has destroyed the town of Allapusa and killed 200 Turks.



DEPARTURE.

RETURN.

PRO PATRIA—1776.—[DRAWN BY WALTER SATTERLEE.]



ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan, from a Sketch by C. A. Vanderhoof.—[See Page 550.]

CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

O tiny globes, holding in rosy sphere
The first delicious wine of the young year,
Perfumed with songs, and faint sweet memory
Of childish hours when we could shout for glee,
Cherries are ripe!

Have we forgotten the bright summer days,
The tall ripe grasses in the orchard ways,
The crimson drupes, the long green afternoons,
The birds that sang, in twenty happy tunes,
Cherries are ripe?

The brave, bright play-time, all the lessons learnt,
Sitting in sunshine, glad to be sunburnt;
Playing at "cherry pit" for such dear stake
That still we sing, half smiling for its sake,
Cherries are ripe!

Linking our idyl with the long-mute strains
Of Amazonian girls on Pontic plains;
With royal gardens in Amasia old,
Where low-browed maidens sang to lutes of gold,
Cherries are ripe!

Or with the shouts that shook majestic Rome
When great Lucullus brought the cherry home,
Fruit of the Roman sword and Pontic brain—
The fresh young world still sings the old refrain,
Cherries are ripe!

Come, dye with richer crimson my red lips;
Pinker than henna make my finger-tips!
Thy mystic circles charm me as they fall,
And back to the dead centuries I call,
Cherries are ripe!

CARITÀ.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

HONEY-MOONING.

The real honey-moon is not always a delightful moment. This, which sounds like heresy to the romantic, and blasphemy to the young, is a fact which a great many people acknowledge readily enough when they have gone beyond the stage at which it sounds like an offense to the wife or to the husband who is supposed to have made that period rapturous. The new pair have not the easy acquaintance with each other which makes the happiness of close companionship; perhaps they have not that sympathy with each other's tastes which is almost a better practical tie than simple love. They are half afraid of each other; they are making discoveries every day of new points in each other's characters, delightful or undelightful as may be, which bewilder their first confidence of union; and the more mind and feeling there is between them, the more likely is this to be the case. The shallow and superficial "get on" better than those who have a great deal of excellence or tender depth of sentiment to be found out. But after the pair have come to full acquaintance; after they have learned each other from A B C up to the most difficult chapter; after the intercourse of ordinary life has borne its fruit, there is nothing in the world so delightful as the honey-mooning which has passed by years the legitimate period of the honey-moon. Sometimes one sees respectable fathers and mothers enjoying it, who have sent off their children to the orthodox honey-moon, and only then feel with a surprised pleasure how sweet it is to have their own solitude *à deux*, to be left to themselves for a serene and happy moment; to feel themselves dearer and nearer than they ever were before. There is something infinitely touching and tender in this honey-mooning of the old. James Beresford and his wife, however, were not of these. They were still young, and of all the pleasures they had there was none equal to this close and unbroken companionship. They knew each other so well, and all their mutual tastes, that they scarcely required to put their intercourse into words; and yet how they would talk! about every thing, about nothing, as if they had just met after a long absence, and had thoughts to exchange on every subject. This is a paradox; but we are not bound to explain paradoxes which are of the very essence of life, and the most attractive things in it. It had been the habit of these two to go every where together. Mrs. Beresford had not the prejudices of an English female Philistine. She went where her husband wanted to go, fearing nothing, and trotted about with him high and low, through picture-galleries and old churches, to studios, even behind the scenes of the operas, and through the smoke clouds of big ateliers. Nothing came amiss to her with him by her side. It is almost the only way in which a woman can enjoy the freedom of movement, the easy locomotion of a man. Mrs. Beresford went away quite cheerfully, as we have said. She forgot or put away her mysterious terrors. She addressed herself to all the ordinary enjoyments which she knew so well. "We shall never be so free again," she said, half laughing, half with a remote infinitesimal pang. "We shall have to go to the correct places and do the right things when Cara is with us." "We must give up bric-à-brac," she said afterward. "Cara must not grow up acquainted with all those dusty back premises; her pretty frocks would be spoiled, and her infantine sincerity. If she had heard you bargaining, James, for that Buen Retiro cup! Saying it is naught, it is naught, and then bragging of the treasure you had found as soon as it was out of the dealer's hands."

"Well," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I only do as other people do. Principles of honor don't consist with collecting. I am no worse than my neighbors."

"But that will never do for Cara," said the mother; "if you and I are not all her fancy painted us, we will not do for Cara. No; I thought you had never remarked her really. She is the most uncompromising little idealist! and if we disappoint her, James, I don't know what the child will do."

"It appears to me that you are making a bugbear of Cara."

"No; but I know her. We must give up the bric-à-brac; for if you continue with it under her blue eyes you will be ruined. If she was here she would make you go back and tell the man he has sold you that cup too cheap."

"That would be nonsense," said Mr. Beresford, involuntarily putting his hand into the pocket where he kept his money. "Folly! You don't suppose he gave half as much for it as he sold it to us for. The very mention of that sort of sickening conscientiousness puts one out. We are to sell in the dearest and buy in the cheapest market, eh? That's the true principle of trade."

"It is not in the Bible, though," said Mrs. Beresford, with a smile. "Cara would open her eyes and wonder; and you, who are the weakest of men, could never stand against her if Cara made big eyes."

"The weakest of men! You flatter me, it must be allowed—"

"Yes; so you are, James. You could not endure to be disapproved of. What would have become of you if I, instead of giving in to all your ways, had been a more correct and proper person? If I had made you visit just the right things—go to English parties, and keep to the proper sort of tourist society? If you had been obliged to sit in-doors in the evenings and read a Galignani or a Tauchnitz novel while I worked, what would have become of you? I know well enough, for my part."

"I should have done it, I suppose," he said, half laughing; "and will Cara—little Cara—be like that? You frighten me, Annie; we had better make away with her somehow; marry her, or hand her over to the aunts, before it comes to this."

Then a sudden change came over the smiling face. "Cara—or some one else—will most likely be like that. Poor James! I foresee trouble for you. How you will think of me when you are in bonds! when you want to go out and roam about on the Boulevards, and have to sit still instead and read aloud to somebody! Ah! how you will think of me! You will say, Poor Annie! if Annie had but lived—"

"What is this? what is this?" he said. "Again, Annie! I think you want to make me miserable; to take all the comfort out of my life."

"Oh no, no; not that," she said. "I am only going to get my bonnet, and then we shall go out. Cara is not here yet to keep us in order. We can honey-moon yet for one more year."

Was this only the caprice of her nature (she had always been capricious) going a little further than usual? Her husband liked her all the better for her quick changes of sentiment; the laughing and crying that were like an April sky. He said to himself that she had always been like that; always changing in a moment, quarreling sometimes even, making him uncomfortable for mere variety. Monotony was the thing she hated; and now she had taken this fad, this fancy, and thought herself ill. How could she be ill when she still could run about with him and enjoy herself as much as ever? How keen she had been in the bric-à-brac shop of which she had chosen to talk! He never should have found out that Buen Retiro cup but for her. It was her sharp eyes that saw it. It was she who had rummaged through the dust and all the commonplace gatherings to those things which had really interest. Ill! though all the College of Physicians swore it, and she to the boot, he would not believe that she was ill. Disturbance of the system, that was all the worst of them ever said; but how little meaning there was in that! Out of sorts: reduced to plain English, that was what disturbance of the system meant; and every body was subject to that. She came in while he was in the full course of these thoughts with a brilliant little flush on her cheeks, her eyes shining, her whole aspect full of animation. "I am ready, Sir," she said, making him a mocking courtesy. Yes; capriciosa, that was what she had always been, and he loved her for it. It explained her changes, her fancies, her strange notions, better than any thing else could do.

That was the first day, however, on which her strength really showed symptoms of breaking down. She got tired, which was a thing she never owned to; lost the pretty flush on her cheek, became pale, and worn out. "I don't know what is the matter with me," she said; "all at once I feel so tired."

"And with very good reason," said he. "Think how rapidly we have been traveling; think what we have been doing since. Why, you were on foot the whole morning. You are tired; so am I, for that matter. I was thinking of saying so, but you are always so hard upon my little fatigues. What a comfort for me to find that you too, for once in a way, can give in!" Thus he tried to take her favorite part and laugh her out of her terrors. She consented with a smile more serious than her gravity had been of old, and they went back to their room and dined "quietly;" and he sat and read to her, according to the picture of English domesticity which she had drawn out with smiles a few hours before. It was so soon after that tirade of hers that they could not but remember it both of them. As it happened, there was nothing but a Tauchnitz novel to read (and who that has been ill or sad, or who has had illness or sadness to solace in a foreign place, but has blessed the novels of Tauchnitz?), and he read it, scarcely knowing what the words were which fluttered before his eyes. And as for her, she did not take much notice of the story either, but lay on the sofa, and listened, partly to his voice, partly to the distant sound of the band playing, with strange heaviness and aching in her heart. It was not that she wished to be out listening to the band, moving about in the warm air, hearing the babble of society—that was not what she cared for; but to be lying there out of the current; to have dropped aside out of the stream; to be unable for the common strain of life. So he read, sadly thinking, not knowing what he read; and she half listened, not knowing what she was listening to. It was the first time, and the first time is the worst, though the best. "It is only once in a way," he said to her, when the long evening was over; "to-morrow you will be as well as ever." And so she was. It was the most natural thing in the world that both or either of them should be tired, once in a way.

The Beresfords staid for a long time on the Continent that year. They went about to a great many places. They staid at Baden till they were tired of the place. They went to Dresden, because Mrs. Beresford took a fancy to see the great San Sisto pictures again. Then they went on to lovely old-world Prague, and to lively Vienna, and through the Tyrol to Milan, and then back again to the Italian lakes. Wherever they went they found people whom it was pleasant to know, whom they had met before on their many journeys, people of all countries and every tongue—noble people, beautiful people, clever people—the sort of society which can only be had by taking a great deal of trouble about it, and which, even with the greatest amount of trouble, many people miss entirely. This society included embassadors and hill farmers, poor curés, bishops, great statesmen, and professors who were passing rich on five shillings a day. Nothing was too great or too small for them, and as wherever they went they had been before, so wherever they went they found friends. Sometimes it was only a chamber-maid; but, nevertheless, there she was with a pleasant human smile. And, to tell the truth, James Beresford began to be very glad of the friendly chamber-maids, and to calculate more where they were to be found than upon any other kind of society; for his wife had followed her usual practice of coming without a maid, and as her strength flagged often, he was thankful, too thankful, to have some one who would be tender of her, and care for her as he himself was not always permitted to do, and as nobody else but a woman could. Oh, how he longed to get home, while he wandered about from one beautiful spot to another, hating the fine scenery, loathing and sickening at every thing he had loved! Commonplace London and the Square with its comforts would have pleased him a hundred times better than lovely Como or the wild glory of the mountains; but she would not hear of going home. One day, when the solemn English of a favorite Kammer Mädchen had roused him to the intolerable nature of the situation, he had tried, indeed, with all his might to move her to return. "Your goot laty," Gretchen had said, "is nod—well. I ton't untershtand your goot laty. She would be bedder, mooch bedder at 'ome, in Lonton." "I think you are right, Gretchen," he had said, and very humbly went in to try what he could do. "My love," he said, "I am beginning to get tired of the Tyrol. I should like to get home. The Societies are beginning. I see Huxley's lectures start next week. I like to be there, you know, when all my friends are there. Shouldn't you be pleased to get home?"

"No," she said. She had been lying on the sofa, but got up as soon as he came in. "You know I hate autumn in London; the fogs kill me. I can't—I can't go back to the fogs. Go yourself, James, if you please, and attend all your dear societies, and hear Mr. Huxley. Take me to Como first, and get me rooms that look on the lake, and hire Abbondio's boat for me, and then you can go."

"It is likely that I should go," he said, "without you, my darling! When did I ever leave you? But there are so many comforts at home you can't have here; and advice—I want advice. You don't get better so fast as I hoped."

She looked at him with a strange smile. "No; I don't get better, do I?" she said. "Those doctors tell such lies; but I don't get worse, James; you must allow I don't get worse. I am not so strong as I thought I was; I can't go running about every where as I used to do. I am getting old, you know. After thirty I believe there is always a difference."

"What nonsense, Annie! there is no difference in you. You don't get back your strength—"

"That's it; that's all. If you were to leave me quite alone and quiet, to recruit now?—yes, I think I should like to know that you were in London enjoying yourself. Why shouldn't you enjoy yourself? Women get worn out sooner than men; and I don't want to cripple you, James. No; take me to Como—I have taken a fancy to Como—and then you can come back for me whenever you please."

"I am not going to leave you," he said, with a sigh. "You must not be unreasonable, my darling. What pleasure would it be to me to go home without you? It was you I was thinking of; for me it is all right. I am quite happy here. As for Huxley and the rest, you don't think I care for them. It was you I was thinking of."

"You said the Societies. Whatever you do, James, speak the truth. I suppose," she added, with a laugh which sounded harsh, "you are afraid I shall get very ill—die, perhaps, away from home?"

Poor man! what was he to say? "Oh, Annie," he cried, "how you stab me! If I thought any thing of the kind, you know I'd have Sir William here to-morrow, or any one, if it should cost me all I have. I know very well there is no danger," he went on, taking a certain forlorn comfort out of his own bold words; "but you don't get up your strength as you ought, and knocking about in these bare rooms can't be good for you; and, living as we are, and you have no maid—"

"I hate a maid. I like Gretchen a great deal better. She makes so much of me."

"Then take Gretchen with you, my dearest; take her to Como; keep her with you till you get home."

"Oh, how like a man that is!" she said, laughing. "Take Gretchen with me—Gretchen, who is her father's only daughter, the life and soul of the place! What would he do without Gretchen? He would have to shut up altogether. I might drop out of the world, and I would not be missed half so much as she would. Do you know I begin to get tired of this place and the hills, James," she cried, starting up. "Let us go and ask about Donato and his horses. I want to get to Como before October. Why, we'll come in for the vintage. I like the vintage; and there are advertisements every where about a sale at one of the villas. We shall be sure to pick up something. Is it too late to start to-day?"

"My darling, when you take a thing in your head—"

"Yes, to be sure, I like to do it all at once. I was always hot-headed. Now mind, we are to start to-morrow. I always loved Como, James; you know I always did. We went there the first year we were married. I don't call it honey-mooning when we don't go to Como; and remember this is our last bout of honey-mooning; we shall have Cara next year."

She laughed, and was very gay all the evening, delighted with the idea of the change. But when he put her into Donato's big old-fashioned *vettura* next morning, and saw every thing fastened on, and prepared for the long, slow journey, poor Beresford was very sad. He thought, if he could only have a long talk with Maxwell, and hear what Sir William had got to say, and know what it was that he had to fear, he should be less unhappy. There must be something, or she would not be so strange; but what was it? Almost any thing was better, he thought, than fighting in the dark—fighting with ghosts, not knowing what you were afraid of. She was quite light-hearted at first, interested with the drive, and waved her hands to the hills as they went slowly out of sight. "Good-by," she said, "you dear old giants. I hope those white furs of yours will keep you warm till we bring Cara. What will Cara think of the mountains? She never saw any thing better than Sunninghill."

"Sunninghill has the effect of being much higher than it is with that great level stretch of flat country. It impresses the imagination just as much as your giants. Don't laugh, Annie; but your mountains stifle me. I never have air enough to breathe. I like miles and miles of country round me. You know my weakness."

"Sunninghill before the Alps!" she cried, laughing. "'Tis clear you are a true cockney. Give me your shoulder for a pillow; I think I shall go to sleep."

And so she did; and the horses jogged on and on, now slow, now fast, their bells jingling, and Donato's whip making harmless circles and slashes over their heads; and houses and hedge-rows, and slopes of mountain, flew past in a dream. James Beresford could see nothing but the wan lines of the face that rested on his shoulder, solemn in that deep sleep of weariness. How worn she was! how pale! growing whiter, he thought, and whiter, till sometimes in terror he stooped down close to make sure that the pale lips were parted by living breath.

[to be continued.]

ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis, the chief city of Missouri, and the scene this year of the assembling of the Democratic National Convention, is built on three terraces on the right bank of the Mississippi River, twenty miles below the entrance of the Missouri. The first terrace slopes gently up from the bank for about a mile, reaching a height of one hundred and fifty feet above the river; the ground then declines slightly, then rises into a second terrace, declines again, and finally rises into a third terrace to a height of two hundred feet, at a distance of four miles from the river, where the surface spreads out into a beautiful plain. The corporate limits extend a little more than eleven miles along the river and about three miles back of it, but the densely built portion of the city is comprised within a space of six miles in length by two in width.

The situation of St. Louis, as may be seen by our view on page 549, is pleasant and, in a certain sense, picturesque. The city is laid out with much regularity. The streets near the river follow its curve, while further back they run at right angles with those which run west from the river. The history of the city dates back to 1764, when a company of French merchants, under a charter granted by the Governor-General of Louisiana, established a trading post on the present site of St. Louis, and erected a large house and several buildings for storage. Four years later it was captured by a company of Spanish soldiers, and remained under the sceptre of the King of Spain till the cession of Louisiana to France in 1800. In 1803 it became a part of the domain of the United States by purchase from France. For many years St. Louis was only a trading station. Its first newspaper was started in 1808. The following year St. Louis was incorporated as a town. The first brick house was erected in 1813, and the first bank was established in 1816. Up to 1817 its growth had been slow, but in that year the first steamboat arrived, the *avant-courier* of the immense river commerce of the present day, and the settlement of the Great West by immigrants from the Eastern States and the Old World gave a new impulse to its industries and prosperity. St. Louis was incorporated as a city in 1822. Its population in 1875 was estimated at 490,000.

Besides its enormous river trade, St. Louis enjoys the advantage of being the centre of sixteen lines of railroad, which connect it with a vast extent of fertile territory. It is a well-built city, contains many handsome public buildings and elegant private residences, and several beautiful parks and squares. The city is connected with the opposite bank of the Mississippi by an immense bridge of steel, with an upper and a lower roadway, resting on four piers, with one span of 520 feet and two spans of 515 feet each. The centre of the arches is sixty feet above the river, permitting the passage of steamboats at all stages of water. A tunnel connects the St. Louis end of the bridge with a large railroad dépôt in the centre of the city.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The third edition of Professor Snow's catalogue of the birds of Kansas has lately been published by the Kansas Academy of Science, and contains some important additions to the previous list. The present enumeration amounts to 294 species, making an addition of twenty-three species and one variety since the publication of the second edition in October, 1872. The number of species mentioned as breeding in the State is 136.

Professor Marsh, in the June number of the *American Journal of Science*, gives an account of a new order of Pterosauria, or winged saurians, embracing the pterodactyls. He finds, on examination of the specimens obtained by him in 1871 and 1872, that they really are not the equivalents of the pterodactyls of Europe, as they differ therefrom in the absence of teeth. In his opinion the jaws were probably incased in a horny covering like that of the bills of birds. In several other respects the jaws of this genus are more like those of birds than of any known reptiles.

The vertebræ are similar to those of the European pterosaurians, and the atlas and axis are united. There are four phalanges in the wing finger, and the metacarpal that supports it is longer than one-half of the fore-arm.

The head of one of the species of this new genus, which he calls *Pteranodon longiceps*, has a length of thirty inches from the occipital crest to the end of the premaxillary. The smallest American species is considerably less in size. The specimens referred to are from the upper cretaceous of Western Kansas. It is considered an interesting fact by Professor Marsh that the localities and geological horizon of these specialized, toothless pterodactyls are precisely the same as those of the *Odontornithes*, or birds with teeth, and the two doubtless lived together in the same region.

The interest attaching to the region of the Black Hills and to its yield of gold induced the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to fit out an expedition in the spring of 1875 for the purpose of making a thorough exploration. This labor was placed under the direction of Professor Walter P. Jenney, with several assistants, and a number of months were spent in the region in obtaining the information desired. An elaborate report is in preparation by Professor Jenney, of which the chapters relating to the mineral wealth, climate, rain-fall, and natural resources of the Black Hills have just been published in advance, in order to meet the very great demands for information upon these subjects consequent upon the great migration which has taken place in that direction during the present year.

Professor Jenney speaks in very high terms of the region, and considers it one eminently worthy of being opened to settlement and cultivation. According to his statement, the country is extremely well watered, springs being found in almost every ravine. Generally the water is of excellent quality, being contaminated with alkali in only particular localities.

As far as the soil is concerned, he characterizes the Black Hills as an oasis of verdure among open level plains. The soil is rich and deep, in many places reaching from two to four feet. In addition to the natural rain-fall, ample facilities exist for irrigation. The evidence of the adaptability of the country for raising valuable cultivated fruits is shown by the number of fruits found growing wild. Among these are the red raspberry, the black gooseberry, several species of currants, wild strawberries, service-berries, grapes, etc. The grazing is most excellent, nine-tenths being covered by the finest wild grasses. This constitutes the great future wealth of the region, which can not be overestimated.

The timber is abundant and of excellent quality, among the species being the heavy pine, black and white spruce, bur oak, white elm, and the aspen.

He reports the existence of gold in reasonably abundant quantity, and thinks it will be sufficient to induce immigration enough to thoroughly develop the region, and that after the placers are exhausted, stock-raising must be the great business of the inhabitants.

At the annual meeting of the Maryland Institute, held April 19, Mr. John M. Carter was elected president, and Nathaniel M. Thayer corresponding secretary.

Among the many public documents published by Congress at the present session of more general interest, we may mention the annual report of the Chief Signal Officer, made to the Secretary of War, giving an account, brought up to the date of November 1, 1875, of the operations of that branch of the service.

The volume embraces 475 pages of text and 75 plates. Among the more important statistics of the report is an account of the various stations, arranged alphabetically, giving their latitude and longitude, their mean atmospheric pressure, temperature, rain-fall, and other interesting facts. The whole number of stations in the United States is 122; in the West Indies, 7; in the British Provinces, 19. A table of the monthly and annual mean temperatures and other statistics; the reproduction of the monthly weather reviews, with their illustrations for the past year; a list of the disasters during the year ending June 30, 1875; papers on various interesting tornadoes; memoranda in regard to the signal and telegraphic service, etc., are included. The absence of any table of contents or index to this volume is a serious drawback to its value as a work of scientific reference, and we trust that succeeding reports will be better provided for in this respect.

A philological novelty in American literature is furnished by the appearance in German of the annual report of the Natural History Society of Wisconsin (Jahresbericht des Naturhistorischen Vereins von Wisconsin) for 1876, this being, so far as known to us, the only scientific serial published in that language in America. Canada has one or two French scientific journals, and Mexico several, of course published in Spanish.

This report gives an account of the meetings of the association, and of the various papers that have been presented from time to time. The finances of the society are said to be in a satisfactory condition, there being a balance on hand, over all expenses and liabilities, of $145. The association consists of four sections, zoology, botany, mineralogy, and ethnology, two of them being well represented by communications and contributions of specimens.

Professor Marsh continues to find objects of interest in the immense collection of fossil vertebrates gathered by himself and his employés in the West during the past ten years. We have already referred to his discovery of a new form of pterodactyl, characterized by the entire absence of teeth, and their probable replacement by a horny sheath like that of the bill of modern birds.

He now announces two additional fossil birds possessing teeth implanted in sockets. One is a new species of the first division, *Hesperornis*, and the other forms the type of a new genus, *Lestornis* (*L. crassipes*), the remains of which indicated a large swimming bird, fully six feet in length from the bill to the end of the toes.

The Chicago Astronomical Society has lately issued a statement of its recent labors and of what remains to be done, in the hope of securing contributions to enable it to accomplish its objects. It refers to the fact that in the winter of 1862-63 the Astronomical Society was formed, and that while endeavoring to secure a suitable telescope they ascertained that Alvan Clark & Sons had nearly completed what was at the time the largest and best telescope in the world, to the order of the University of Mississippi. The breaking out of the war prevented the instrument from going South, and it was secured for Chicago at a cost of $18,000. The expense of erecting a suitable tower, costing $30,000, was met by Hon. J. Y. Scammon. In 1866 Professor Safford was placed in charge, and for several years was engaged in making observations of the nebulæ, discovering about one hundred previously unknown.

In 1868 a meridian circle was presented to the society by Mr. Walter S. Gurnee, and many observations made in conjunction with astronomers elsewhere, for the purpose of forming a revised catalogue and map of all the stars in the heavens. The salary of Professor Safford was paid by Hon. J. Y. Scammon, up to the time of the great fire, who, however, suffered severely in this calamity, and was unable to continue the payment. This stopped the operations of the society for a time; but subsequently an arrangement was made to furnish the time signals to certain establishments at Chicago and elsewhere, which brought in a moderate compensation.

The present appeal is for the purpose of securing a better endowment to enable the society to carry out its legitimate functions of astronomical work in addition to furnishing the correct time, and it is earnestly hoped that the public-spirited citizens of Chicago will come to the rescue.

The series of government reports on scientific subjects has lately been very much enriched by the appearance of several volumes of the final publication by Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, United States Engineers, of the extended explorations upon which he has been engaged for several years past. His plan, like that of Dr. Hayden, contemplated an exhaustive account of the physical condition and natural history of the West. The programme embraced six volumes—first, geography; second, astronomy and meteorology; third, geology and mineralogy; fourth, paleontology; fifth, zoology; and sixth, botany. A seventh volume has since been proposed, to be devoted to ethnology, philology, and ancient ruins.

Of this series the first, second, and sixth volumes have not been printed, although much progress has been made in their preparation. The third volume, on geology and mineralogy, however, has just appeared, and embraces special papers by Mr. G. K. Gilbert upon portions of Nevada, Utah, California, and Arizona, having reference to the mountain structure, the erosions, the glacial epoch, the water supply, and the volcanic and stratified rocks.

Mr. A. R. Marvin, whose untimely decease we regretted to chronicle some months since, describes a portion of the route from St. George, Utah, to the Little River, in 1871; Mr. E. E. Howell, portions of Utah, Nevada, and New Mexico. Professor John G. Stevenson has a chapter on the geology of that portion of Colorado explored in 1873, and Dr. Loew prints investigations upon the mineralogy and agricultural conditions of portions of Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona in 1873. Fourteen plates illustrate the several portions of this important contribution to Western geology.

Of volume four, on paleontology, part one, embracing particularly the invertebrate fossils, now makes its appearance, as prepared by Professor White, a worthy colleague of Professor Meek in this class of investigations. The report covers seventy-eight species, of which fifty-four are new to science.

The second part of this volume on paleontology is in course of preparation by Professor Cope, and will be undoubtedly one of great interest.

Of volume five, that upon zoology, three chapters, or that portion relating to the birds, are now published, the text by Mr. H. W. Henshaw, the zoologist of the expedition, illustrated by fifteen plates of undescribed or unfigured North American birds, drawn by Mr. Robert Ridgway, of the Smithsonian Institution, and reproduced in an excellent manner by Thomas Sinclair & Son.

The supervision and general direction of the natural history labors of the expedition were intrusted by Lieutenant Wheeler to Dr. H. C. Yarrow, who provides for the chapters in question some appropriate explanations.

Accompanying these three volumes there is also a special sheet of the topographical atlas, giving an outline of Lake Bonneville, or the great water basin of which Great Salt Lake now constitutes the lowest depression. This embraces in its outline Dry Lake, Sevier Lake, Escalante Valley, Snake Valley, the Great Salt Lake Desert, and other well-known areas.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Already had the work of demolishing the Old South Church been commenced: the hands had been removed from the old clock, and the machinery carried away, the sounding-board over the pulpit had been taken down, and other preliminaries showed that its destruction was at hand. Suddenly patriotic Boston awoke to a sense of what was being done, and resolved to save the relic of olden times. The purchaser was induced to suspend dismembering operations for a week; an enthusiastic populace gathered in the Old South, and it was resolved to open subscriptions at once, and to appeal not only to the citizens of Boston, but to the people of New England generally, for money "to redeem the Old South Meeting-house forever, so that it may be held as a memorial of the past, for patriotic assemblage, and other appropriate purposes." It is understood that the whole sum required is about $350,000, but $150,000 at this time would enable the committee to secure the building. At the time of writing this paragraph the responses made to the appeal are highly encouraging, and it is believed that this ancient landmark will be saved.

Of the public buildings which were standing in Boston a hundred years ago only five remain—Christ Church, the Old State-house, the Stone Chapel, Faneuil Hall, and the Old South Church.

The new chapel of Yale College—Battell Chapel, as it is called—was dedicated on June 18 with appropriate ceremonies. In the morning there was a great gathering in the old chapel—a sort of leave-taking. In the afternoon Battell Chapel was dedicated, the exercises including addresses and vocal and instrumental music.

At the recent sale of the Pfoundes Collection a magnificent pair of vases, sold for only $980, were twenty-seven inches high, inlaid and embossed with gold and silver, and completely incrusted with devices of the finest workmanship. It is said that any thing superior to these is seldom seen in this market. Another pair, not so elaborate, brought $700.

The summer exhibitions of the National Academy of Design and the Metropolitan Museum of Art promise to be most attractive. Paintings have been secured sufficient to fill the entire space in both galleries. Perhaps no finer collection has ever been exhibited in this country. The valuable gallery of Mr. John Taylor Johnston is transferred to the Museum of Art, Mrs. A. T. Stewart has loaned several famous paintings from her private gallery, the entire collection of ex-Governor Morgan is on exhibition, and many other persons have made interesting contributions. In connection with this summer exhibition the gallery of Mr. August Belmont will be open to the public on certain days. Such an opportunity to see rare paintings New York may well rejoice over.

In the Patent Rotary Web Perfecting Press, with folding machine attached, made for the Philadelphia *Times*, and now in operation in the Centennial Exhibition, the printing and folding are one continuous operation. The paper from the roll enters between a type and impression cylinder, and is printed on one side, thence passes between another type cylinder and a fellow impression or set-off cylinder of four times its size, and is printed on its second side. As this set-off cylinder has four blanket surfaces, the machine will print four times as many impressions as a single blanket cylinder would before the set-off begins to show. The printed web now passes between a pair of cylinders that cut it crosswise into sheets, and these are taken by a folding cylinder, which, by a newly patented mechanism, gives them their first fold. As this machine prints a double sheet, they are now cut in two longitudinally by a circular cutter, and "switched off" alternately into two different paths. These single sheets are now cross-folded, and as they issue from the folding rollers they are caught by a "fly," and deposited in neat piles on a balanced table that sinks as the papers accumulate and rises as they are removed.

Between fifty and sixty public institutions, most of them charitable ones, have received from Mrs. A. T. Stewart donations varying from $500 to $3000 each. The amount thus given already exceeds $74,000. These charities are understood to be in accordance with the expressed wishes of the deceased merchant, which have been executed with a thoughtful promptness. It is said that the deserving claims of other institutions are being examined by Mrs. Stewart, with a view to further donations.

The New York Centennial Celebration Committee have arranged an attractive programme for the observance of the Fourth of July in this city. It is desired that every building shall be illuminated on the night previous to the Fourth, and also decorated then and during the Fourth. Arrangements are made for a large procession; for midnight salutes, fire-works, and patriotic music; for special exercises in the Academy of Music; and it is suggested that citizens also gather in their churches at some convenient hour on the Fourth to return thanks to God for the blessings bestowed upon us as a nation. This coming hundredth Fourth will be a day long to be remembered by the young folks.

The city of Lyons, France, is preparing to send a delegation of twenty-eight workmen to the Centennial Exhibition.

The Ascot races aroused unusual enthusiasm this year among the high and noble of England who are fond of such sports. Queen Victoria does not now personally countenance the Ascot races, nor does the Prince of Wales use the royal residence during what is known as Ascot week. But he has at his disposal all the state carriages and the resources of the royal stables, and there are many magnificent residences in the neighborhood of Ascot whose owners are happy to place them at the disposal of the Prince. Ascot is about twenty miles from London, and races have been held there since 1727. The race for the gold cup was founded in 1807. On the recent "Gold Cup Day" there were present the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Prince Imperial, and many other noble personages. The costumes of the ladies present in the "royal lawn" were magnificent. The gold cup was won by Apology, a horse said to belong to a clergyman's widow. The value of the prize was $2500.

Farmers in some sections of California are making experiments in cultivating the almond, with every prospect of ultimate success. One man has 2500 almond-trees, which are now three years old, and blossomed this season.

The newsboys and boot-blacks of Poughkeepsie recently received every one a hat from ex-Mayor Eastman. On the crown inside, neatly printed in gilt on a circular piece of black paper, was the following advice, which is good for every body:

> "Don't drink, don't swear, don't chew, don't smoke. Be industrious, work hard, study hard, play hard, and you will never be 'hatless.' With the best wishes for your future welfare, H. G. Eastman."

One Mrs. Van Auken installed a Chinaman in her kitchen. The following conversation took place:

"What is your name, Sir?" asked Mrs. Van Auken.

"Oh, my namee Ah Sin Foo."

"But I can't remember all that lingo, my man. I'll call you Jimmy."

"Velley welle. Now whachee namee I callee you?" asked Ah Sin, looking up in sweet simplicity.

"Well, my name is Mrs. Van Auken; call me that."

"Oh, me can no 'membel Misse Yanne Auken. Too big piecee namee. I callee you Tommy—Misse Tommy."

Yacht races in New York Bay are events of common occurrence. The interest in this kind of sport seems to increase, and every year adds to the number of yachts which engage in the contests.

An exchange informs visitors to the Centennial that if they spend but five minutes in examining each article, it will take them only twenty-three years to finish!

A citizen of a neighboring city having purchased an oil-painting, called in an artist for advice as to hanging it. The artist looked at it long and curiously, and then said, "I wouldn't hang it if I were you."

"Wouldn't hang it? Why not?"

"Because the sentiment of the age is rather against capital punishment. I would commute its sentence to solitary imprisonment for life."

The Croton water mains are not yet free from fish, as is conclusively proved by the fact that the fish make their appearance from time to time.

An aquarium is being built at Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street, in this city. The ground is 100 feet by 200 in extent, and the enterprise promises to be very successful.

In Southern Florida there is a lake with the curious name of Panysofky. It is a compound of the Spanish word "pan," which means a "loaf," the particle "y," equivalent to "and," and "sofky," the Seminole word for "hominy." So the whole word literally means "bread and hominy."

According to the St. Louis *Journal*, considerable excitement was aroused in the city one morning not long ago by the discovery that the Belleville Hotel, near the southern limit of the city, had disappeared in the quicksand. The house was built on piles, and some indications of unsteadiness had been observed a few days before, but were not considered serious. An alarm that it was sinking was given late at night, after the guests had retired. Before the difficulty was fully realized the house had sunk forty-eight feet, carrying with it ten persons. All were rescued—badly frightened, but not hurt.

There are over 45,000 persons engaged in the herring fisheries of Scotland. But the herring are diminishing in numbers. In some of the waters the fishing has become wholly unproductive, and fears are entertained of the failure of an important national industry.

Several persons having expressed the opinion to a returned missionary that there was no need for the Woman's Board of Missions, that it was like a fifth wheel to a coach, "Yes," answered he, "that's what it is, the fifth wheel, and it is the *driving* wheel."

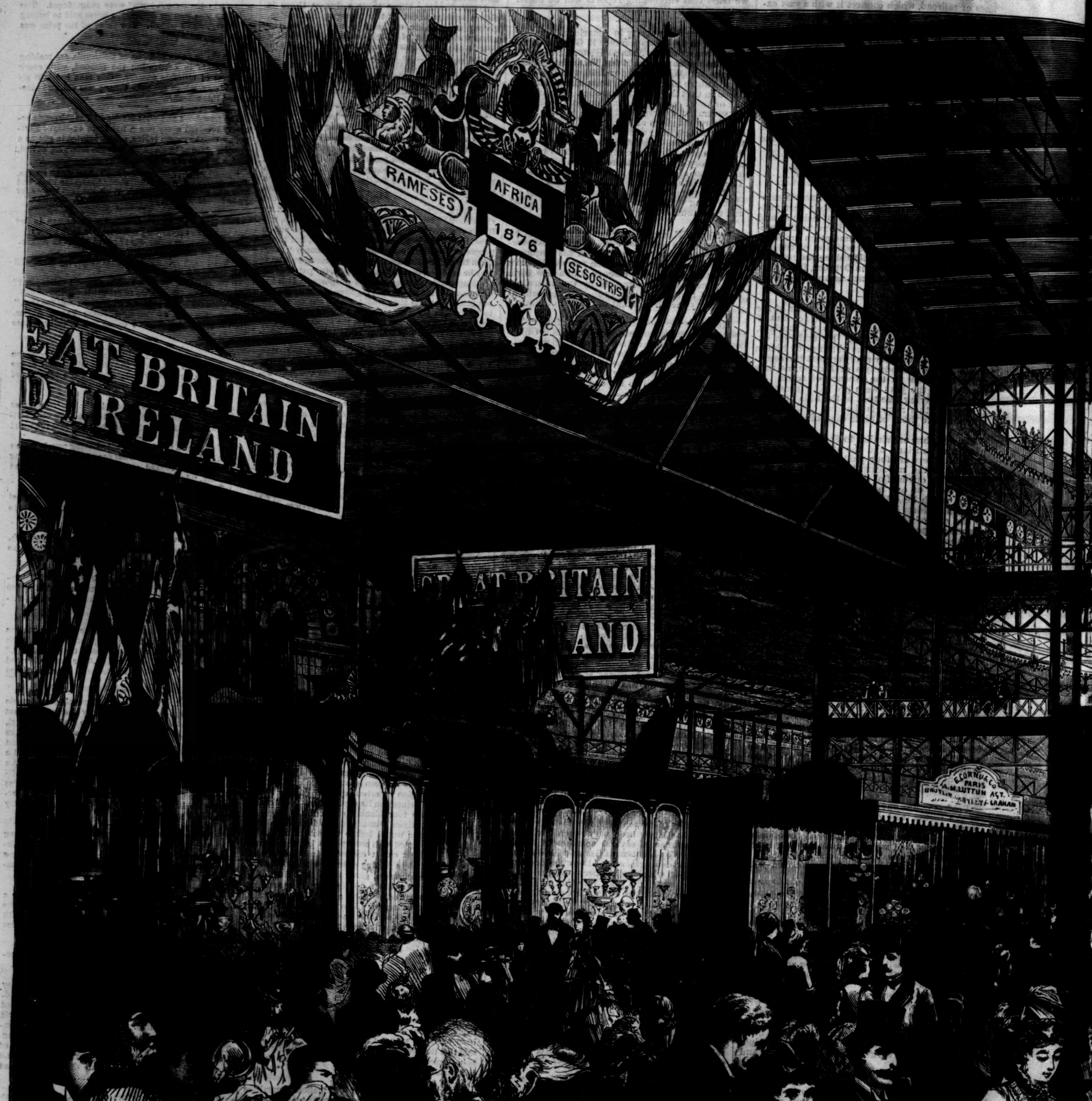
George Sand was the author of more than sixty novels, and of twenty plays.

Charity toward those who are accused of crime may well be exercised, even when guilt is apparently proved. Several years ago a Boston bank teller was dismissed from his post because of a discrepancy of ten thousand dollars in his accounts. There had been a general confidence in his integrity, but the money was missing. The unfortunate man has lived years under a cloud of suspicion; but the other day the lost money was found in a peculiar place behind a safe door, where it had got pushed out of sight by accident.

The "exact distance" from New York to San Francisco seems to be an unsettled point. Since the trip of the fast trans-continental train, the distance has been stated by different newspapers to be 3344 miles, 3317, 3308, and 3396 miles. There really can not be so many "exact" distances between two given places.

Great improvements have been made on the camp-meeting grounds at Martha's Vineyard. About $2000 have been expended on the construction of concrete sidewalks alone.

A paper which was recently read before the London Pharmaceutical Society contained, in substance, the following interesting statement in regard to the beneficial results of the *Eucalyptus*. About a century ago there was in the Campagna, about three miles from Rome, a village containing various churches and a monastery, which were abandoned on account of the prevailing malaria. Up to 1870 the churches there were in ruins. Six years ago two French Trappists planted the *Eucalyptus globulus* in the village, some of the trees having now attained a height of thirty feet. For the last two years the monks have inhabited the ruined convent without suffering the least inconvenience, using from time to time as a febrifuge a decoction made from the leaves of the tree. Italian botanists and physicians are urging the government to plant the *Eucalyptus* in quantity in the Campagna, believing that by its means these deadly plains may be restored to that flourishing condition they had once attained during the periods of early Roman history.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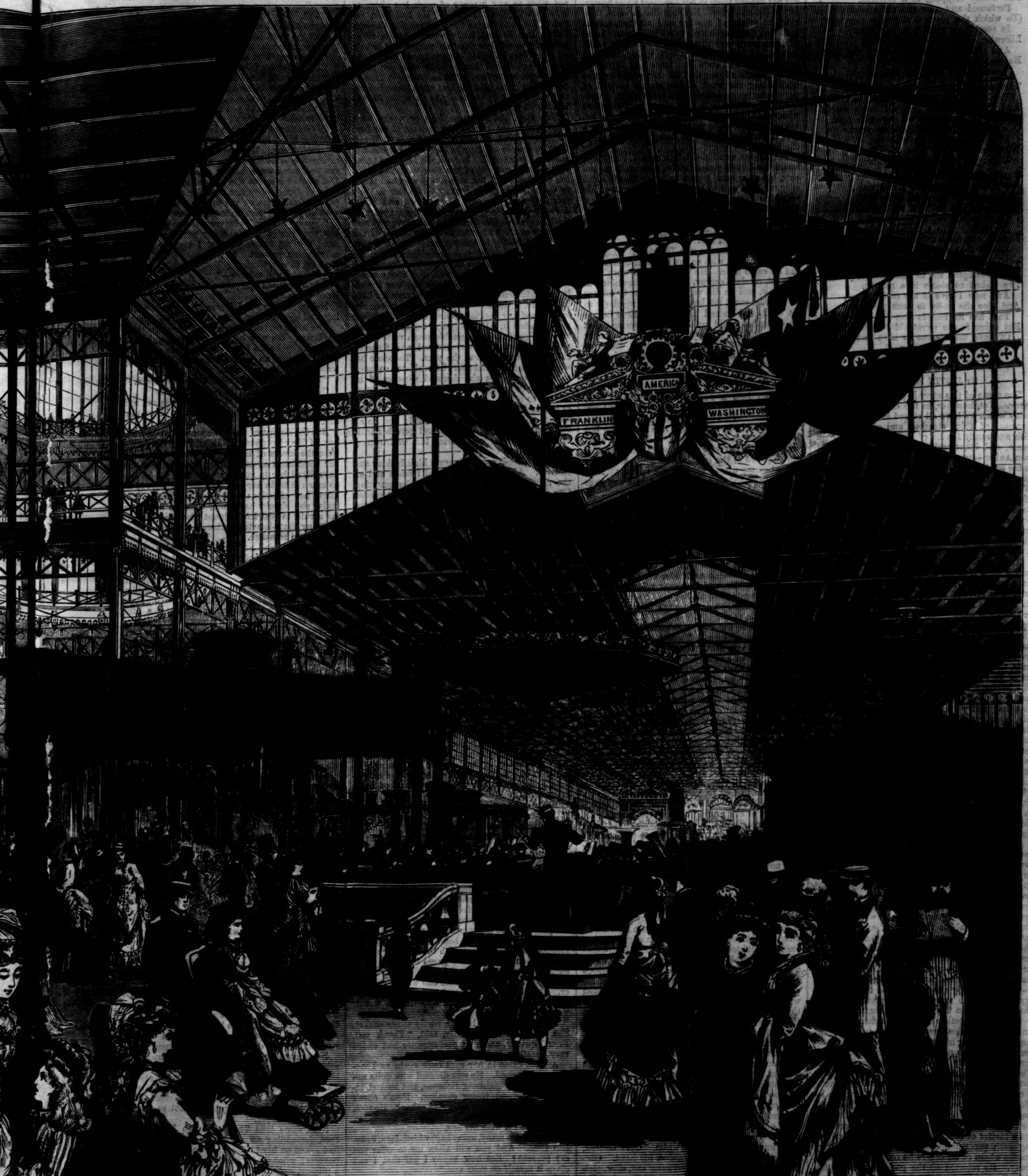
THE CENTENNIAL.—INTERIOR OF THE MAIN BUILDING, NEAR THE MUSIC STAND, LOOKIN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D, LOOKING EAST.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan, from Photographs and Sketches.—[See Page 556.]

CATHARA CONSIDERS.

The dainty stepping to a carriage,
 Perfumed and soft and satin-lined
(To which the readiest rhyme is marriage),
 Is something greatly to my mind;
Likewise old laces, creamy-yellow,
 And silks that shimmer 'neath the light;
But—an he were a loutish fellow?—
 A worm may mar the rare delight

That comes of putting your face nearer
 The sweet red rose you ached to hold;
And there are some things I count dearer
 Than all the goods we buy with gold.
One of them is not mine—the pity!
 Election may not lie with me,
Who, being neither wise nor witty,
 Might yet be envied, being free;

But I will not destroy the chances
 I may not chase, but I will wait;
And though it savor of romances,
 I'll keep me worth a worthy fate.
I'll not pollute my hand forever
 By mating with a soilèd palm;
Though easeful luxury come never,
 Rather than that, stay as I am!

This red rose with a foul worm in it
 That tempted me to come anigh,
I've picked to pieces in a minute,
 And now I give it the go-by.
And give the go-by to each passion
 That has its root in lust for gold;
But never to the sweet old fashion
 Of Love, that craves to have and hold!

THE FOUR SUITORS.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

The scene of this story is properly laid in Germany. Not, however, in the commonplace Germany which we have all visited in the flesh—the Germany of Rhine steamers and of blazing Munich and sandy Berlin, of Butterbrod and of tobacco, and innumerable hotels zum Adler and zum Anker—but the Germany we have all visited in the spirit; the Germany of *Der Freischütz* and the *Lorelei;* of forests that echo the horn of the Wild Huntsman, and are startled by the spectre of the Harz; of brooklets that chatter gladsomely about the Miller's Daughter, and enter into metrical dialogue with the poet. All these things are doomed to go down to inevitable death before Bismarck and one Germany. Political greatness is the death of poetical legend.

However that may be, this story is told of a quaint little German town standing on the two sides of a river, and having almost as many bridges as streets. It was in the north, and not far from the Baltic shores, and its great occupation was the working up of the amber which the Baltic washes up on the strand of its islands. The best worker in amber in the town was Herr Johann Dornbusch. He could make it up into ornaments for the ears, the neck, the bosom, the arms, the fingers, as well as the renowned workers of Vienna and such great cities. Any reader who, having heard even thus much, does not know that this personage had a pretty daughter, and that that pretty daughter is the heroine of the tale, is so unskilled in story that it would seem almost hopeless to think of raising him to the story-teller's level at all. This amber manufacturer *had* a very pretty daughter, with hair bright as the amber itself, and eyes that sparkled as no skill among her father's workmen could bid the sea gem to sparkle. Ilma Dornbusch was a girl who had had some education and some reading. She had been in Vienna and in Berlin, and even in Paris. She was a girl full of resource and cleverness, with a quick wit, a keen observation, and a true heart.

Herr Dornbusch one day had a quarrel with four of his workmen, skilled and masterly fellows, and they left him. It was not possible to supply their places at once—perhaps not possible to supply them at all—and Herr Dornbusch could do nothing better than take a larger number of less skilled men, apprentices if necessary, and teach them their trade. Now he was very particular indeed about the kind of apprentice he took; for the beauty of his daughter was the theme of talk all over the town and for leagues around, and all manner of young fellows more or less ineligible—most of them, indeed, companions in an equal fate of decided ineligibility—were constantly swarming round the place and trying to get to speech of the pretty girl. In that town and in those days the master and the worker lived together in a familiar domestic way; and an apprentice would have as many opportunities of fixing his eyes on the face of his master's daughter as poor Sim Tappertit had of contemplating Dolly Varden's tormenting charms. Therefore the shrewd amber manufacturer was very careful indeed in making his selection among a crowd of applicants. He rejected a whole legion, and accepted four who came with special and extraordinary recommendations, and whom he thought himself positively happy in securing. As a matter of course, in the case of a man taking such precautions, he selected just the very youths whom of all others he ought to have kept away. He rejected all the good-for-nothing fellows, the scape-graces, the stupid fellows, the louts—all those, in fact, for whom it was impossible the pretty and intelligent girl Ilma could feel the slightest *penchant*—and he admitted four young fellows who, strangers to each other, had a common peculiarity of good looks, graceful bearing, and, to judge from the recommendations they brought with them, high character.

Let us see who they were. First there was Conrad (we shall only mention the Christian name of each), a handsome, dark-eyed, sentimental young fellow, with hands and fingers white and slender as those of a girl. This was a youth with a poetic turn, and he had hardly been a fortnight in the place when he slyly conveyed a copy of love verses to the fair Fräulein Ilma, who, however, did not deposit them in her excellent white bosom, but in the stove fire. Nothing discomposed, however, he produced another and another, and at last Ilma Dornbusch took to reading them. Some of them were very pretty and delightfully sentimental. They were all about spring-time and morning-red and stars and tears and fond true love. Needless to say that the poet ought to have been doing the work of his master instead of composing poems addressed to his master's daughter; but I doubt if the daughter ever yet lived who would have rejected the verses merely because the poet ought to have been doing his own lawful business instead of doing homage to her charms.

Then there was Friedrich, a manly, blue-eyed, broad-shouldered young fellow, who made no poetry, but very soon began to press Ilma's hand very tenderly and to look love to her out of his soft blue eyes. Every body in the town knew Friedrich. His father was a man of substance, who nevertheless wished his son to learn some reputable art or calling, although it was not likely the youth would ever want for gold.

The third apprentice was Theodore. This was a tall, bold youth, with an eye like that of a hawk, and an eagle nose. He went into his work with a proud, resolute energy, as of one determined to master it, and he did very soon begin to master it. But he could not be got to stick regularly to his work, and indeed it was some time before his comrades could get him to understand that it really was not quite open to him to give over working and wander out into the fields whenever he felt so inclined. At first he took rebuke very badly, and looked up in a surprised, indignant, imperious way, which amused and amazed the beholders. Indeed, at all times he was liable to break out into a sudden burst of disdainful, haughty anger, which ill became one in his humble position. This brought him into some quarrels, and would have brought him into more but that he was so good-natured and so brave, so ready to make apology where he had done wrong, and so proud in the exquisite humility and grace of his bearing when he thus made apology. Now this youth Theodore composed no verses and gave no languishing glances, but the first opportunity he had he threw his arm round Fräulein Ilma's waist, and before the girl knew where she was, he had given her half a dozen kisses. Then, when she broke away angrily, and showed him that she was really angry, he showed himself sincerely sorry, and made apology to her in so graceful, submissive, and withal lordly a manner that she felt for the moment as if she were a princess. She forgave him, and he never offended in the same way again; but all the time he was her unmistakable admirer, and I do not believe he stood the lowest in favor.

The last of the four new-comers was Ernst. This was a workman—an artist, if you will—beyond every thing else. He stood erect and manful, with broad forehead, short curling hair, and deep earnest eyes. He did not speak much, but he was always genial when spoken to. He made no verses, and an ordinary observer might have thought he made no love. So thoroughly did he throw his soul into his work while he worked that nine out of every ten persons would have believed he never threw his soul into any thing else. But pretty Ilma knew better than that, for she had seen his deep eyes resting on her sometimes with a look and a light in them which woman never yet mistook or failed to understand. He evidently repressed all open demonstration of his love, and strove, in fact, to keep it down and to be its master. He avoided rather than sought an opportunity of exchanging a word with Ilma alone. The girl read him like an open book. He loved her, and feared that his love was hopeless, or that it might only tend to injure her with her father if it were hopeful, and so held back from her. The natural result, of course, was that Ilma felt a deeper interest in him than in any of the others.

Now of the four youths Friedrich was the only one personally known to Ilma's father. Conrad, Theodore, and Ernst came from other places, and nobody in the manufactory knew any thing about them. Friedrich, too, was the only one Herr Dornbusch would have thought of as an eligible suitor for his daughter. He knew that Friedrich came of a respectable family, the members of which were all brought up in honest and moral principles, and Friedrich would have substance of his own one day. Herr Dornbusch would have liked well enough to give his daughter to Friedrich with the understanding that Friedrich was to carry on the amber manufactory whenever his father-in-law should feel inclined to retire from business. But then Friedrich was showing no head or hand for the work, and it was much to be doubted whether any thing could be made of him. He was an honest, manly fellow enough, but rather dull, and Herr Dornbusch greatly feared that Ilma despised him. Ernst was by far the best workman of the four, and Herr Dornbusch would gladly have bequeathed his business to a son-in-law thus qualified and gifted; but then Ernst was poor, and came from some place far off, and nobody knew any thing about him. Over Conrad, the poet, Herr Dornbusch shook his head. Conrad was dreadfully lazy, and sang sad, slow, melancholy strains over his work. Of Theodore the good master did not know what to make. The brilliant geniality, the audacious irregularity, the random fits of earnest, successful labor, the strange manner, now so imperious and defiant, now so gracefully apologetic and humble, puzzled Ilma's father sorely. This youth, Theodore, could be a great workman, an unsurpassed workman, if he only wished to be. He seemed the sort of person who can do any thing he tries in earnest to do, can be any thing he really resolves to be.

Ilma was mistress of the household. Her mother had long been dead. She had no sister, and only one brother, a young man of whom she was extremely fond, but who was just now a little in disgrace with his father, because he would not stick to any manner of work, but chose to indulge a passion for travel. He had been for some time away across the Alps ranging through Italy. But he had lately written to his sister privately to tell her that his money was nearly all gone, that he would have to tramp it home as best he could, and that he must somehow make terms with his father. This he besought Ilma to do for him; and this she had often done before, and was now only too ready to do again for the hundredth time or so.

Now Ilma had for some days or weeks been perplexed in the extreme on account of the four youths—Conrad, Friedrich, Theodore, and Ernst. That they were all four in love with her she felt modestly convinced. Indeed, she began to think that two at least out of the four were not genuine workers at all, but only lovers who had taken to the trade to get a footing under her father's roof. Conrad, the sentimental poet, and Theodore, of the eagle face, she felt satisfied were in their hearts as indifferent to the prospects and interests of the amber trade as the statue of the old Brandenburg in the square. Theodore puzzled her nearly as much as he did her father. So far as her own feelings were concerned, or so far as she dared to examine them, they spoke somewhat in this wise: To Friedrich she was friendly and indifferent. She would have married him, to be sure, if she knew nobody else for whom she entertained any decided feeling, and if her father much wished it. Probably she would have married this good and respectable youth rather than remain single. She was soothed and flattered and softened by Conrad the poet. Theodore bewildered, dazzled, and overwhelmed her; so much so that sometimes she doubted whether, if he asked her to marry him, she could find resolution enough to refuse. Ernst touched her heart most of all; and for him there seemed the least chance, so far as her father was concerned; and he always kept in the background, and gave her little opportunity either of favoring him or frowning on him.

Ilma's birthday was always a high holiday and festival. All the neighbors and friends and all the men and youths employed in the manufactory were bidden to a feast in the great garden behind Herr Dornbusch's old-fashioned house. Those who could brought her presents more or less costly; those who could not afford to make costly presents brought her flowers, or shells, or any thing. Nobody was ashamed of being poor, and no gift was the less valued because it cost little or cost nothing.

This was the first of Ilma's birthdays since the coming of the four youths, and Ilma's heart beat a little high with peculiar expectation on that account. The first of the four who came to her was Conrad. He fell on one knee before her, took her hand, and pressed it to his lips; then, kneeling still, presented to her his offering—a brooch in the form of a harp, and an exquisitely embossed parchment inscribed with verses of his own, breathing the most romantic and devoted attachment to her.

Ilma thanked him warmly, but begged him to rise. The whole performance seemed a little too theatric for modern days, the open air, and twelve o'clock noon.

"Never," exclaimed our poet, fervently, "until you give me leave to hope."

"Oh, get up," she said, a little impatiently—"get up, on any terms. People are coming."

"You bid me hope, then. I accept the concession, and I rise. For the moment, adored Ilma, farewell."

He retired, casting poetic and Parthian glances at her. She felt a little ashamed, and perhaps just a little disenchanted.

Then came Friedrich. "Highly honored Fräulein, deign to accept this little gift as a token of my good wishes and of my—" Here he stopped short and turned his soft blue eyes on her, and tried his best to look love at her. But there was something in her expression which disconcerted him. In truth, the poetic display had put her out a little, and made her feel impatient, and she was out of tune with the whole affair, and it was not the presence and the compliments of honest Friedrich which could restore her. He meant to have finished his little speech with the words, "and of my love," and then to have gazed into her eyes in such a manner as to compel from her some responsive glance to decide his fate one way or the other. But the expression on her face discouraged him, and he blankly wound up with the words, "and of my friendship."

He placed in her hand a costly silver casket. She took it mechanically, said, "Thank you, Fritz," quietly, and that performance had ended very unsatisfactorily for poor Fritz.

A light came in her eyes once again as Theodore approached. He was dressed with quite unwonted and astonishing richness, and looked, indeed, a splendid young cavalier. Ilma's cheek flushed. Was this her father's worker? He took her hand with the grace and dignity of a courtier, and touched it with his lips.

"I wish you many, many happy birthdays, Fräulein Ilma. And you will allow me to offer you my present? See how happy I am that I can clasp it myself on your arm."

Before she well knew what she was doing, a magnificent diamond bracelet, a gift for a countess, glittered on her arm.

"Oh, Theodore, I can not accept such a gift."

"Why not, dear Ilma?"

"It is too splendid for me."

"Nothing on earth is too good for you. No, don't protest. I am not paying you a compliment, dear one; I am speaking the earnest truth."

"But it is too costly. I dare not take it. What would my father say? Oh, Theodore, where, how did you get this?"

He almost smiled at the simple straightforwardness of the question.

"Dearest Ilma, you may believe at least that it was honorably mine to give, and that it is now yours."

"But, Theodore—Herr Theodore—I have long thought it, and I now know it—you are not really a worker. You have no right to be here. This is wrong to my father. There is some secret—"

"Do you wish to know the secret, Ilma?"

"I—I suppose I do. I don't know."

"Let me tell you I love you, let me hear you say you will try to love me, and you shall know all. Trust me, dear girl, there is nothing to be told which can make you ashamed of having listened to me."

His manner was at once bold and tender. He held her hand in his, and was drawing her gently toward him. Was ever girl so tempted? A mystery, a splendid lover—one who clearly had stooped from some higher sphere to win her! But at that moment she seemed to see the deep eyes of Ernst upon her, and there looked a reproach from them on the woman who was to be won by jewels. She drew herself away.

"Not now, Herr Theodore," she said, sweetly, but very firmly. "I can say nothing now. I must ask my father whether I may keep your magnificent present. In any case, I am deeply grateful to you."

"But you will tell me—"

"Another time; perhaps to-morrow. Oh, pray leave me now."

He kissed her hand fervently, she not resisting, and he withdrew, not unsatisfied wholly.

The latter part of the scene had been witnessed by Ernst. He now came up, looking pale and sad. He spoke his formal good wishes, and gave his gift—only an amber ornament, beautifully wrought by his own hands.

"Have you nothing else to say to me, Ernst?"

"Nothing, Fräulein Ilma—nothing *now.*"

The rest of the festival, after all, was sad and weary to Ilma, and she saw Ernst no more that day.

But the doings of the day opened somehow the eyes of Herr Dornbusch. He saw that his youths were the lovers of his daughter, and he sought her confidence at once. For little as he would have liked her to marry a poor lad, yet he had so much faith in her and love for her that if he knew her affections to be really given to any body, she should have him, were he a beggar. As a rule, in real life I doubt whether there are so many flinty-hearted fathers as we read of in poetry and romance.

Ilma made full and frank confession to her father of her state of mind and her doubts. He was struck with much amaze at the story of Theodore and the diamonds, but he thought that in her heart Ilma leaned toward Ernst. For himself he still would have preferred Friedrich. However, the father and daughter concocted a little plot to try the comparative strength of the lovers' affections. It was a very old-fashioned little plot, but they thought it would serve. The moment a distinct proposal was made to her, Ilma was to mention the fact that her father had made up his mind to give her no dower whatever, on the ground that he did not choose to be deserted in his declining years, and if his daughter would leave him, she should take none of his gold along with her.

Next morning Conrad, the poet, offered her his love in exquisite metaphor. She listened, and seemed to yield. Then she told him that whoso married her would marry a penniless maiden, and his color changed, and he professed to be incredulous. But she persisted, and he began to look awkward and to stammer; whereupon she waited for no more, but flashed out in superb scorn, and drove him from her presence. He went away, bitter of heart, full of anger, and longing for revenge.

Now that very night Ilma was in her bedroom half undressed, when she heard the sound of pebbles pelted against the glass of her window. She peeped out and saw a young man below who softly called her name. She flung a shawl round her shoulders, and crept down stairs and admitted the youth, and kissed and embraced him. And they talked together in her room, and then she let him out again, and kissed him as he went.

Of course the reader understands all this. This was Ilma's brother who came in this secret way, and would not tarry in the house until she had made his peace with her father, which she hoped to do next day. But Conrad, the poet, had never heard of her brother; and he happened in an evil hour to be prowling about the garden, and he saw the youth climb the wall and tap at her window, and saw her come down and admit him. Then Conrad hid himself close by, and waited until he saw her let the youth out again; and then he went to bed and dreamed of sweet revenge.

Next morning very early came Friedrich, and asked Ilma to love him. She told him she would be penniless; whereupon the honest lad said he was right glad, for now she would know that it was herself, and not her money, he loved. She pressed his hand, and begged him not to ask for an answer just yet.

Next came bold Theodore, with his flashing eyes, demanding an answer to the question he had asked on her birthday. She told him of her poverty; whereon he said, with a tender, almost a pitying, smile:

"Dearest Ilma, I only wish I could make a merit of not caring for your money. But I can not. Child, my father has so much money that no dower of yours could be of the slightest consideration; and he is so fond of me that he will deny me nothing. Once we are married, he will receive us. Tell me you love me; then I will tell you who I am."

She prayed him too to wait—only a few hours, perhaps. She wished to give Ernst also a chance. But Ernst never spoke.

An hour after, these six personages—the father, the daughter, and the four youths—were assembled for breakfast. The father had said a prayer, and all were silent, when suddenly out broke Conrad:

"Herr Dornbusch, I am sorry to grieve your good heart, but I dare not conceal what I know only too well. Your daughter deceives you and disgraces you. Last night, at ten o'clock, she stole down stairs and admitted a man to her chamber."

Fancy the scene which these words created! Ilma started up with a scream of shame and anger, and was about to cry out the whole truth, when some sudden thought bade her stop, and she sank into her seat and remained silent.

Theodore seized Conrad by the throat, Ernst was springing likewise at the wretch, when Herr Dornbusch rose and said, with dignity,

"Let him go. He has made a base accusation against my daughter. It must never be said that she and I were afraid, and that we allowed him to be silenced by force. Let him say what he has to say."

And the father sat down, pale and tremulous, but self-controlled.

Conrad told his tale. Perhaps some guess at the truth came into the father's mind, for he listened very calmly, and when the spy had quite unburdened himself of his tale, he only said,

"Now, Ilma, let us have your explanation."

"Father, dear father, I can not explain! Oh, do not ask me any more questions—here."

And she burst into tears. For although she had suddenly resolved to take advantage of this unexpected event as a means of testing the faith and confidence of her lovers, and although two words from her lips would at any moment make all right, yet the bare ordeal of suspicion, self-invited, was so heavy and cruel to her that her spirits quite gave way under it, and her tears rushed out.

Conrad sat still, with a calm, self-satisfied smile.

Then said stout Friedrich, with a tremor in his voice,

"Ilma, I loved you when I thought you were an honest girl. But I could not ask my mother to bless a daughter of whom such a story could be told. And so good-by, and God forgive you!"

He went out of the room, and did not look back. Thus he escaped the glance of contempt flung at him by Ilma, whom his words had recalled from tearfulness to strength.

Then up stood Theodore, with a proud gleam in his eyes, and he said,

"Dearest Ilma, there is some mystery in all this, which you could explain if you would. I ask for no explanations! Tell me this story is not true, and I will fling that lying dastard out of the window, and take you to my heart in the face of the world. Herr Dornbusch, I am the only son of the Baron von Bernstein, and I came here and offered myself as a worker only at first out of frolic, and for the sake of your daughter's bright eyes. Since then I have learned to love her, as I believe she well deserves to be loved. Ilma, only say this wretch speaks falsely, and I will kneel before you and ask you to be my wife."

She turned gently toward him her moist and radiant eyes. But she would not give the answer.

"Only say, in one word, that what he says is false."

"I can not say it," Ilma murmured.

"O God!" Theodore passionately exclaimed, "how this woman deceived me! Herr Dornbusch, I pity you from my soul. Farewell. My masquerade is over, and my father need no longer fear a *mésalliance* on my part."

The unlucky poet happened to be in his way as he was striding out. Theodore seized him by the collar, and flung him across the room as if he had been an old cabbage stalk, and was gone in a moment.

The daughter sat silent, flushed and tearful. A strange, quaint, sarcastic expression was on her father's face, which, however, he kept carefully averted from all eyes. In his heart he had guessed at the whole truth, and now he began to understand the game his daughter was playing.

Then up rose Ernst, with glowing cheeks and eager eyes, and came and knelt on one knee by Ilma, and took her hand in his.

"My love, Ilma, I ask for no explanation; I ask for no denial; I ask for nothing but your hand and your love. It does not suit you to explain this mystery now, but it can be explained. For me, I can wait patiently. Love, I know you. Let blind fools believe such a story as that miserable wretch has told; let shallow natures and false hearts believe it; let nobles, who are used to a court lady's coquetries and deceits, believe it: I'll never believe it. I know you, Ilma, and you are as pure as you are beautiful. I love you. Oh, do not reject me!"

"And if she does," exclaimed Herr Dornbusch—and he fairly broke into tears—"I'll disinherit her in good earnest."

But Ilma's arms were now round her lover's neck, and her cheek rested on his shoulder.

Just then entered rather timidly a brown-cheeked, tall, slender, handsome young intruder. He stood inside the threshold, amazed and silent. Ilma and Ernst did not see him.

"So this is you, my good-for-nothing varlet!" exclaimed Herr Dornbusch, in a tone of very superficial and unreal anger. "So it was you, then, who came rousing up your sister Ilma last night, and getting admitted into the house by her, and bringing her into disgrace! Did you not remember that there might be slanderous scoundrels about, like that vile thief Conrad? Where is that wretch?"

But the wretch had darted out of the room the moment he caught the first glimpse of the true *éclaircissement;* and he left the town precipitately, and was never seen there again. His subsequent career was said to be one of dreadful degradation. It is reported that he became court poet to the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, until that capricious prince one day kicked him out of the palace, and then he became a writer of burlesques, and sank into premature but convenient imbecility.

"So that was the rich Baron von Bernstein's son!" said Herr Dornbusch, reflectively, while Ilma and Ernst were still embracing each other. "I had often heard of his wildness and his frolics. He seemed a fine young fellow. Ilma, my daughter, how near you were to being a baroness! But I don't regret it, girl. It is better as it is. And Ernst is really a worker, and neither poet nor prince."

Yes, Ernst was really a worker, and only that. He made his wife Ilma very happy, and conducted the business splendidly after Herr Dornbusch had retired. And Ilma never sighed because she had missed being a baroness, nor regretted the result of her suddenly devised love test.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY, 1876.

Sunday,	9.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	16.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	23.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	25.—St. James.
Sunday,	30.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

AUGUST.

Sunday,	6.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	13.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	20.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday,	27.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

Open-air meetings for the summer season may be said to have become the fashion in the American religious world. The indefatigable Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jun., has opened a "Gospel Tent" on Thirty-fourth Street, near Sixth Avenue. On the first Sunday it was filled by a large crowd of hearers. At Ocean Grove, Chautauqua Lake, Cape May, Martha's Vineyard, Round Lake, Sea Cliff, and Thousand Islands active preparations are making for conventions of every variety. At Chautauqua Lake there will be a Scientific Congress, a Temperance Convention, a Sunday-school Assembly, and a Congress of Christian Workers, following each other in quick succession, the first opening July 26. At the Thousand Islands there will be a "Sunday-school Parliament," beginning July 18. The Conference at Sea Grove began June 25. At Ocean Grove, New Jersey, there will be a series of assemblies: (1) one conducted by Baptists, commencing July 11, and closing July 20; (2) a Centennial Sunday-school Convention, July 23; (3) a Temperance Convention, August 2; (4) the annual camp-meeting, August 16; (5) the New Jersey Conference Local Preachers' Association, closing the series.

The desire shown by some of the religious bodies of the country to make the Centennial commemoration an occasion for recording the history and growth of local churches has become quite general. The Board of Delegates of American Israelites have recommended to the congregations of their people to secure the preparation of "a record of the settlement and progress of the Hebrews, their synagogues, and other institutions" in each city. If the recommendation is carried out, these records will be read in the synagogues on the Fourth of July.

Nothing better shows the change that has passed upon the whole country since 1860 than the revision by the Southern Presbyterian Assembly of its records. In the narrative of 1864 the Assembly of that year declared its conviction of "the Divine appointment of domestic servitude," and that it was the mission of the Southern Church "to conserve the institution of slavery." At the recent meeting held in Savannah the Assembly so explained and qualified these strong declarations as to make them practically harmless. It is not necessary to discuss the process of explanation; it is more becoming to rejoice in the result, which brings the divided members of the Presbyterian family together again.

It is reported that the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon will visit this country next autumn.

The Synod of the (Dutch) Reformed Church in America, which met in Kingston, New York, June 7, appointed the following delegates to the Conference of All Presbyterians to be held in Edinburgh, July, 1877: the Rev. William Ormiston, D.D., J. W. Scudder, David Inglis, and J. M'C. Holmes. In view of the great increase in the number of church members for the year 1875–76, the Synod named the second Sunday of October, 1876, as a day of special thanksgiving. The next General Synod will meet in the church corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, New York city.

Among the important measures adopted by the Methodist Episcopal General Conference, at its recent session in Baltimore, is one in relation to the support of the bishops. It provides that "the amount apportioned to each pastoral charge for the support of the bishops shall be a *pro rata* claim with that of the stationed preachers and presiding elders, and no such preacher or presiding elder shall be entitled to his allowance except to the extent to which the claims of the bishops are met on the station or district with which he is connected. And it shall be the duty of the Annual Conferences to see that the amounts assessed on the different appointments are raised and forwarded quarterly, when practicable, to the book agents." For many years, until 1872, the Methodist bishops were supported wholly from the proceeds of the Book Concern. From 1872 to 1876 they were maintained from the revenues of the Concern, *plus* the contributions which the churches might choose to make. Their support is now made obligatory upon the churches, and each is assessed its quota.

The "National Reform Association" was announced to meet in the Philadelphia Academy of Music June 28. This is the name recently taken by the society which has for some years been engaged in the effort to secure an amendment to the Constitution of the United States which shall recognize the existence of God and His government of men. It now adds to this object the protection of Sabbath laws and the retention of the Bible in the public schools. It may be said to oppose the secular as distinguished from the Christian idea of the state. The sessions were expected to continue three days, and addresses were announced from the Hon. Felix R. Brunot, Dr. Miner, of Boston, Professor Stoddard, of Wooster University, Dr. Edwards, and others.

Commodore Vanderbilt has added to his large gift of $700,000 to Vanderbilt University, another of $300,000. With this addition, the permanent fund of the university will be $600,000. The Commodore's birthday will hereafter be observed by the faculty and students as a festival, under the name of "Founder's-day."

On Saturday, June 17, Pope Pius IX. completed the thirtieth year of his pontificate. These have been eventful years for him, for the Church of which he is the head, and for Europe. He has seen, since he put on the triple crown, the revolution of 1848, and has himself been a fugitive; he has seen Italy become a united kingdom, and his own power as a temporal prince destroyed; he has seen Catholic Europe adopting liberal constitutions for the government of the nations, in spite of his protests, till at length Spain, usually obedient to his word, awkwardly accepts religious toleration; he has seen a Protestant empire rise in the heart of the Continent, and his German bishops, whom he has encouraged in contumacy, driven into exile; he has seen Protestant churches springing up in all parts of the city of Rome. He has anathematized his enemies, has excommunicated refractory princes, has defied the modern world in his Syllabus; but all in vain. The world moves on toward a well-ordered freedom, and Pius IX., grand only in his unreasoning faith, is compelled to accept the inevitable. The modern world will not go his way, no matter how much he may command it. His reign, if the longest known in the history of the Church, will be probably recorded as the most disastrous of all reigns for the papacy.

The reports made by the Protestant Episcopal bishops at the Diocesan Conventions show an unprecedented number of confirmations. Bishop Huntington, of the diocese of Central New York, stated to his Convention, at Binghamton, that he had during the year confirmed 1104 persons—a greater number "than that of any year since the diocese was organized." In his annual address he also expressed the opinion that the act of the Legislature of New York, passed May 9, 1868, for the incorporation of religious societies in the Protestant Episcopal Church, needs modification. He objected emphatically to the election of irreligious men as vestry-men.

The Roman Catholic bishops of Havana and of St. Augustine, Florida, have both recently died. The former had been but a short time in his diocese.

Among the most notable of recent deaths is that of Mrs. Betsey Judd, the mother of Dr. Judd, one of the early missionaries to the Sandwich Islands. At the age of seventy years Mrs. Judd went to Honolulu to live with her son. Her death there at the age of ninety-four years is suggestive of the changes wrought within the century. But a few years before the birth of Mrs. Judd the Sandwich Islands were first discovered. Within her lifetime they have been Christianized and brought to the enjoyment of a peaceful civilization. Mrs. Judd was a sister of Dr. Thomas Hastings, the well-known composer of sacred music.

The excitement now prevalent in California in relation to Chinese immigration has led one of the secular papers of San Francisco to look into the working of the Christian missions among the Chinamen of that city. The results of the inquiry are encouraging. The Methodists maintain a church of forty Chinese members, a Sunday-school, and a night school. Five teachers are employed in the night school, which is attended in part by adults. Instruction is given in the ordinary English branches of learning. The Methodists also support a refuge and home for Chinese women. The Presbyterians have a Chinese mission church of sixty members, an evening school of 110 pupils, and a home for women. The Baptists have an evening school attended by seventy scholars, and a Sunday congregation of fifty Chinamen. There are thirteen other schools sustained by the churches of the city, which are attended more or less by the Chinese population. The recent outbreak of hostility has alarmed the Chinamen so much that some of them have been afraid to go to the schools.

All New England is stirred by the effort to save the Old South Church. As much as $115,000 was reported as having been pledged by the middle of June. The Methodist Preachers' Meeting of Boston have adopted a resolution asking the authorities of the city to purchase it, and have requested other preachers' meetings in Boston to unite with them in the effort to secure such purchase.

At the fifth Annual Convention of the diocese of Central Pennsylvania, held in Bethlehem early in June, Bishop Howe advocated strongly the retention of the Bible in the public schools. The endowment for the Episcopal Fund was stated to be over $52,000.

A lady who has taken part in the women's temperance crusade in the city of Calcutta has sent to a London paper an account of its progress. The crusade was suggested by reading of the "woman's crusade" in America. "Never shall I forget," writes this narrator, "our first Sunday in Flag Street. When you remember that it is the lowest part of Calcutta, and that one side of the street is principally devoted to grog-shops, with men more or less intoxicated filling them and rambling about, you will understand some of the difficulties by which we were surrounded. A little party of four ladies left our carriage, and asked for permission, through a gentleman who accompanied us, to sing in one of the grog-shops. The manager refused, saying, 'If you are not soon gone, I will throw water over you; you are ruining our trade.' Denied an entrance, we four women sang the Gospel at the door; and learning that we must *ourselves* make the request, in every other drinking saloon we gained an entrance."

This was the first day, and the movement has since gone on prosperously for a year. Some of the incidents show the heartiness characteristic always of the English sailor. On one occasion, says this lady, "as I was kneeling, one sailor said, 'Don't be too long, missus, for it is eight years since I knelt in prayer.' I was talking with several men who were sitting round a table in the saloon, when a sailor came up to me and asked, 'Do you want to argufy with fourteen men?' Before I had time to reply, one of my hearers said, 'You shut up! This lady is giving us good advice, and no mistake; we should be much better if we followed it.' Then, turning to me, he added, 'Don't take any notice of he.'"

This work in the slums of Calcutta is carried on by Christian ladies of refinement and culture.

The report made to the New York State Sunday-school Convention held at Utica, of the number of Sunday-schools in the State, contains many valuable facts. Unfortunately, out of a total of 939 towns and 24 cities, no more than 601 reported. In these 601 towns and cities there are 4112 schools, 69,827 teachers, and 571,208 scholars; total of teachers and scholars, 641,035. The average attendance upon the schools is, in winter, 402,000; in summer, 441,371. The volumes in the Sunday-school libraries are 784,687; the papers taken, 325,000. The expenditures during the year were $521,650; and the conversions reported, exclusive of this city, 21,450. The number of conversions is the greatest ever known in any one year. These figures show better than any other facts how strong a hold the Sunday-school system has upon the people of the State.

Similar facts were presented to the Connecticut State Sunday-school Convention, which was held recently in Winsted. There were reported to be in the State in active operation 1015 Sunday-schools, having 19,961 officers and teachers and 127,052 scholars. The number of scholars under sixteen years of age was stated to be 85,000, the number of children and youth in the State under sixteen to be 135,000, leaving 50,000 children in the State not connected with any Sunday-school. A committee was appointed to consider and report upon the best means of securing the attendance of these 50,000 boys and girls.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Unity is Strength.—When dogs attack a flock of sheep, the sheep scatter, and thus become an easy prey; but in attacking goats they find it more difficult to accomplish their purpose. The goats form into a ring, the kids in the centre, and the horns of the old bucks presented against the enemy are a strong defense.

A debtor severely questioned as to the reason of his not paying a just debt replied, "Solomon was a very wise man, and Samson a very strong one, but neither of 'em could pay his debts without money."

It is an economical reflection that when garments are too short, the difficulty may be remedied by wearing them longer.

"Wake up here and pay for your lodging," said a deacon, as he nudged a sleepy stranger with a contribution box.

"Hold your horse, Sir?" said a red-haired boy to a man who drove up in front of a house. "No," replied the man; "I have a boy here;" and he took a weight from the cart and fastened it to the steed. "I meant, hold him up," screamed the disappointed youth as he ran off.

Scotch Yarns—Scott's novels.

The mother of two sons, twins, met, a contemporary relates, one of the brothers in a field one morning. "Which of you two boys am I speaking to?" asked the mother; "is it you, or your brother?" "Why do you ask?" inquired the lad, prudently. "Because, if it is your brother, I will box his ears." "It is not my brother, it is I." "Then your brother is wearing your coat, for yours had a hole in it." "No, mother, I am wearing my own coat." "Good heavens!" cried the mother, looking at him intently, "you are your brother, after all!"

"Woman," an imaginative writer says, "is compounded of three articles—sugar, tincture of arnica, and soft soap: sugar, because of the sweetness apparent in all women, though it has become acidulated to domestic vinegar; arnica, because of the healing and soothing women yield to men after the trials of life; and soft soap for reasons too obvious to need specification."

Abstract Knowledge—Picking pockets.

Cartouche, the notorious French robber, who flourished during the last century, on being told that a young man was desirous of becoming a member of his band, put the aspirant under examination, and, asking him where he had served, was answered, "Two years with an attorney and six months under an inspector of police at Paris." "Then," said Cartouche, with transport, "I shall consider it the same thing as if you had ridden all that time in my troop;" and the young man took rank accordingly.

Poor Thing!—The individual who was accidentally injured by the discharge of his duty is still very low.

A promising youth recently surprised his father by asking, "Father, do you like mother?" "Why, yes, of course." "And she likes you?" "Of course she does." "Did she ever say so?" "Many a time, my son." "Did she marry you because she loved you?" "Certainly she did." The boy carefully scrutinized his parent, and, after a long pause, asked, "Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?"

"Mrs. Sage, I should like to know whose ferry-boats these are that I tumbled over in the hall." "Ferry-boats indeed, Sir! Those are my shoes. Very polite of you to call them ferry-boats!" "Didn't say ferry-boats, Mrs. Sage; you misunderstood me. Fairy boots, I said, my dear friend."

"Be content with what you have," as the rat said to the trap when he left his tail in it.

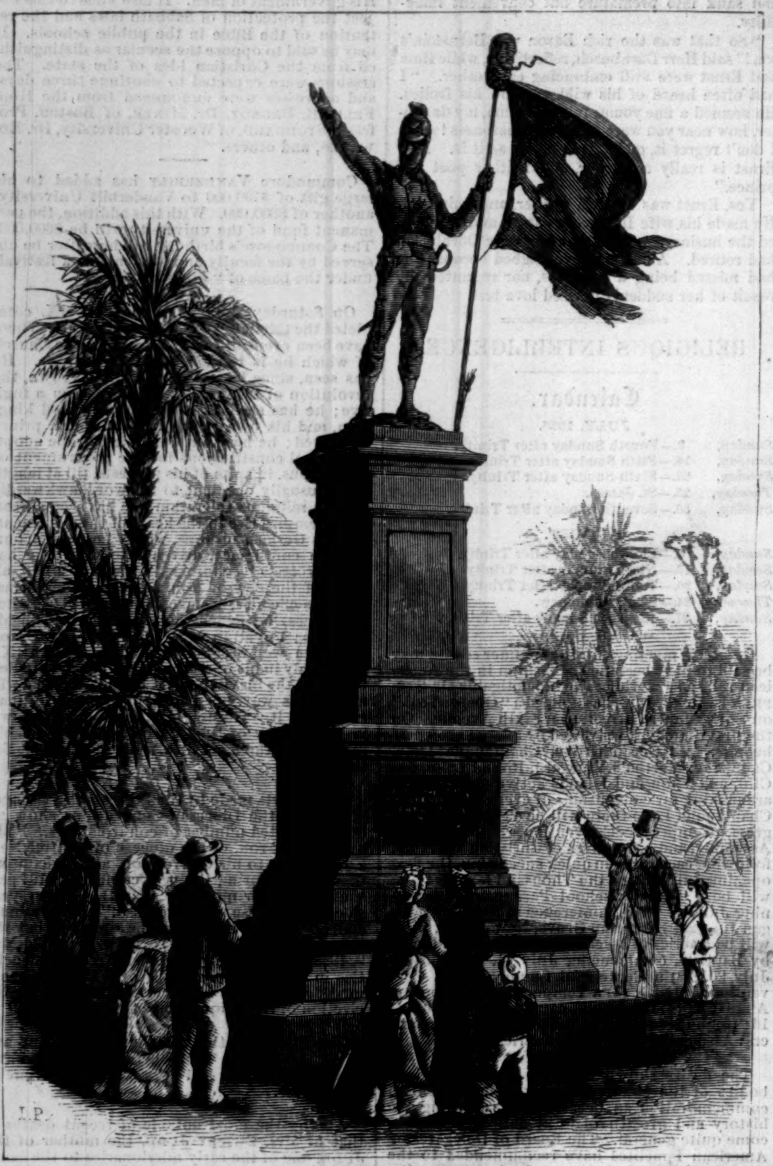
Surmounting a Difficulty.—A prisoner was being tried for sheep-stealing, and he was asked by the presiding judge, an Irish chief baron, what he had to say in his defense. "Ah, sure, yer lordship, didn't meself and me fawther and me grandfawther all vote for yer lordship when ye put up for Tipperary? And, begorra, didn't we carry yer lordship to the head of the poll?" "True, true," murmured the judge, and he was visibly affected by the reminiscence. He looked kindly at the prisoner at the bar, and in summing up directed the jury to acquit him, though the evidence was very strong for a conviction. The jury felt the pressure put upon them, and the foreman, in giving the verdict, said, "Well, yer lordship, I suppose we must call him 'not guilty;' but faith, yer lordship, there'll not be a sheep at all at all left in the county." To which his lordship complacently replied, "Ah, never mind, gintlemen—never mind the mutton. Acquit him, and ate beef." And acquitted he was.

THE FORT MOULTRIE MONUMENT.

Every reader of American history is familiar with the heroic act of Sergeant **Jasper**, who, during the bombardment of Fort Moultrie by the British fleet, replaced on the battlements the flag which had been shot away. Shortly after the commencement of the action, which was one of the severest of the whole war, the flag-staff of Fort Moultrie was cut in two by a cannon-ball from one of the British ships, and the Crescent flag of South Carolina, that waved opposite the Union flag upon the western bastion, fell outside, upon the beach. **Jasper** leaped the parapet, walked the length of the fort, picked up the flag, fastened it upon a sponge staff, and in the midst of the iron hail pouring upon the fortress, and in sight of the whole fleet, he fixed the flag firmly upon the bastion. Three cheers greeted him as he ascended to the parapet and leaped, unhurt, within the fort. On the day after the battle Governor **Rutledge** visited the fort and rewarded **Jasper** for his valor by presenting him with his own handsome small-sword which hung at his side, and thanked him in the name of his country. He offered him a lieutenant's commission, but the young hero, who could neither read nor write, modestly refused it, saying, "I am not fit to keep officers' company; I am but a sergeant."

Jasper lost his life in 1779 at the Spring Hill redoubt, Savannah. He had sprung upon the parapet to secure the colors, which had fallen from the hand of a dying soldier, when a bullet pierced his breast. He was carried to the camp, and soon afterward expired.

In commemoration of his daring deed at Fort Moultrie, the citizens of Charleston, South Carolina, have erected in that city the elegant monument of which we present an engraving on this page. On the north side are inscribed the name of the Second South Carolina Regiment of the Army of the Revolution, organized June 17, 1776, and the seal of the city of Charleston. The south side bears the names of those who were wounded during the bombardment, and the seal of the State of South Carolina. On the east side are the names of the officers of the garrison, and the inscription, surrounded by a wreath of oak and laurel, "To the Defenders of Fort Moultrie, June 28, 1776." The west side bears the names of the killed, and a representation, in bass-relief, of the raising of the flag by the heroic **Jasper**. Under are inscribed **Jasper**'s own words on that memorable occasion, "Don't let us fight without a flag." The monument, located on the Battery, in Charleston, is surmounted by a statue of a soldier of the Second South Carolina Regiment of the Revolutionary Army, holding in his left hand a sponge staff, to which, when unveiled on the hundredth anniversary of the fight, a flag was attached representing the State flag in use at that period of the war. The monument was designed by Mr. W. H. **Chapman**, of the Palmetto Guard, and executed by Mr. E. T. **Viett**. Its cost was $9000.



FORT MOULTRIE CENTENNIAL MONUMENT, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

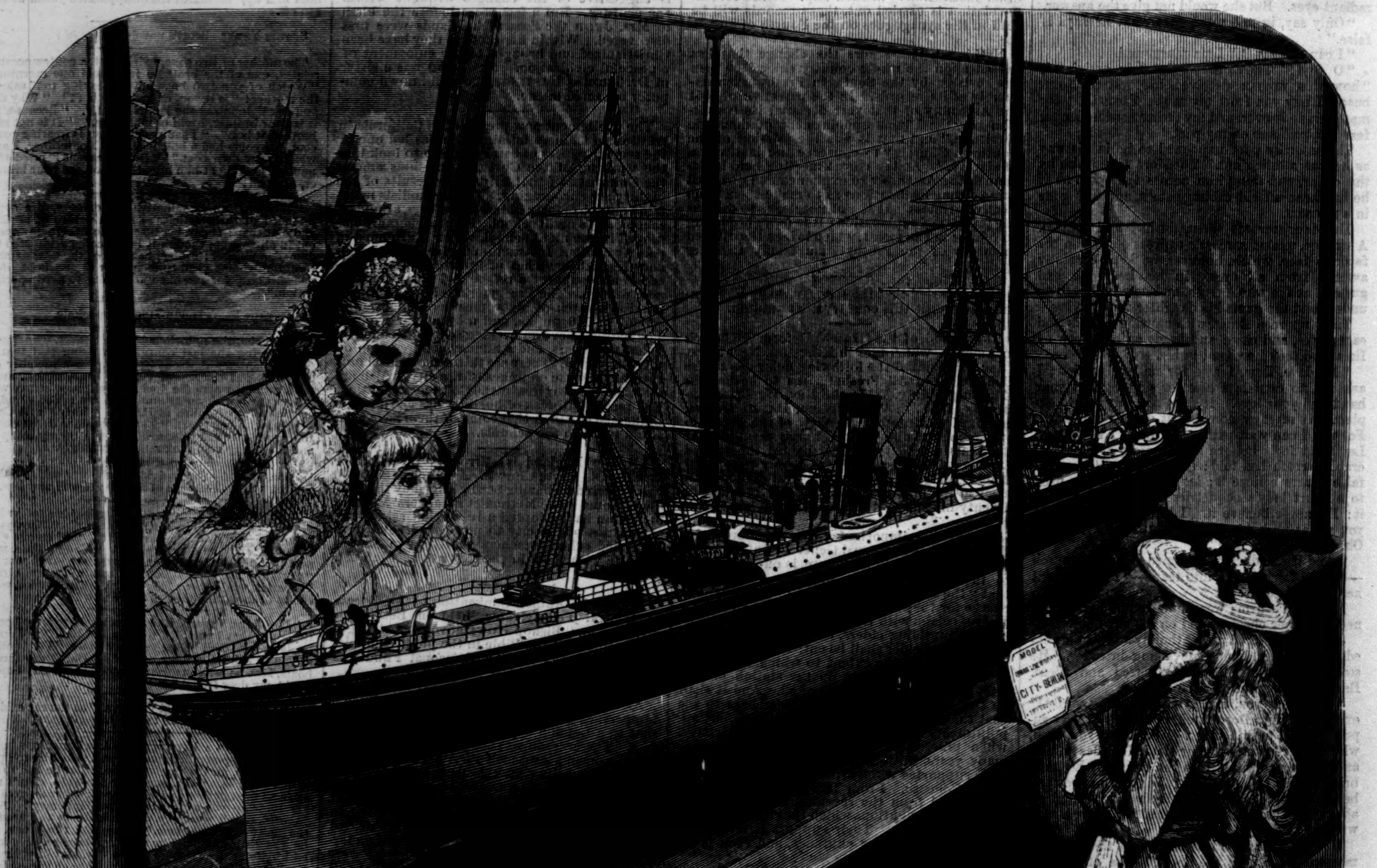
[Photographed by Barnard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

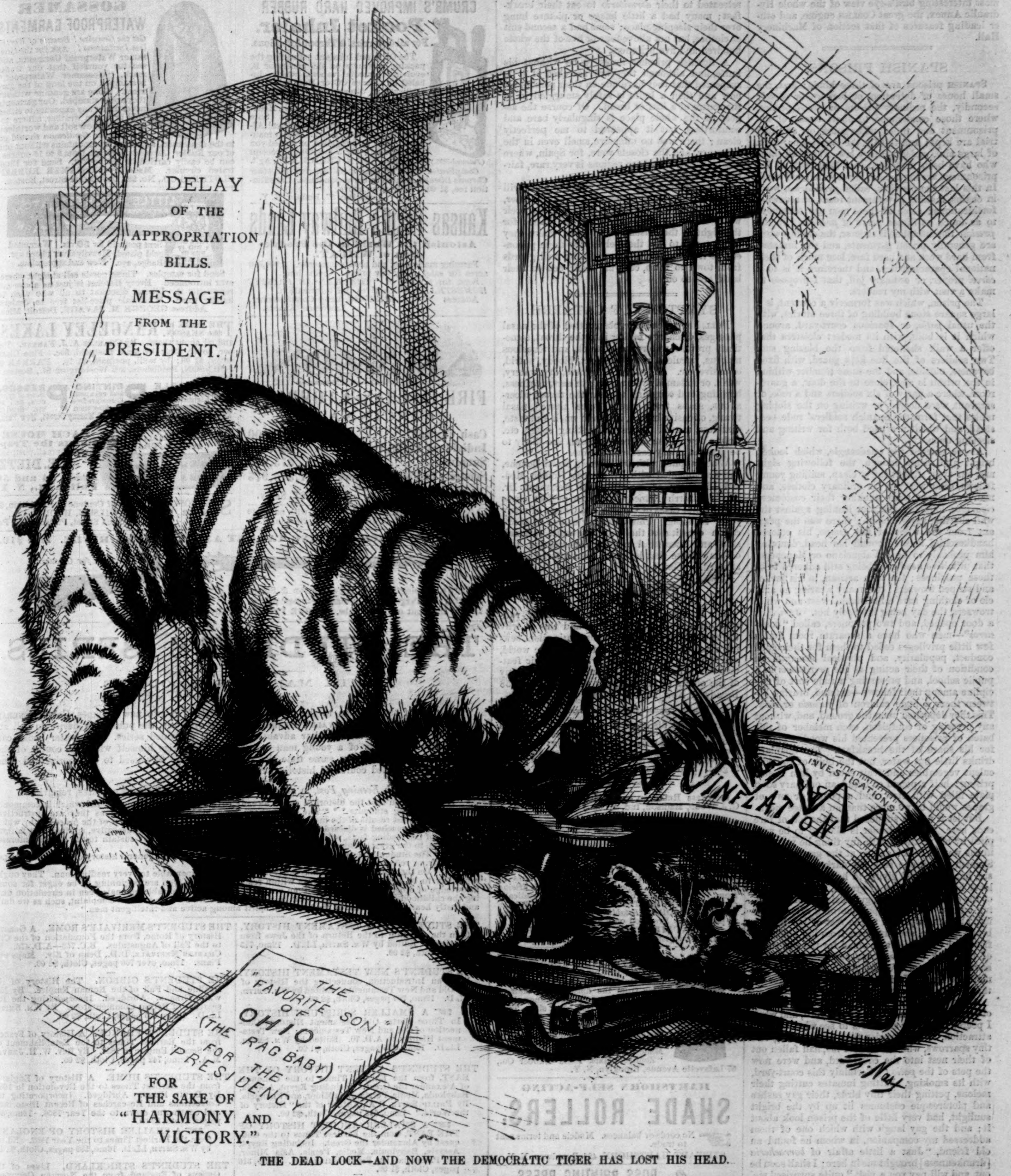
Our double-page illustration presents an interior view of the Main Building, taken from a position near the music stand in the centre of the magnificent structure. For size, elegance, and adaptability to the purpose of an International Exhibition, no previous structure can bear comparison with this. The broad aisles extending through its entire length, with the numerous intersecting aisles, afford ample space for the display of art and industrial treasures collected there from every quarter of the globe. With few exceptions, the space occupied by each nation has a frontage on the central aisle—an advantage which no previous World's Fair building has presented. Nothing could be finer than the long vista afforded by this broad and lofty aisle or avenue. On each side are ranged the pavilions of the several countries, and in them are displayed the chief treasures contributed by each. Here the visitor may "go round the world" in less than a day, and in a leisurely stroll of a few hours see and learn more of the characteristics of the different nations than could be gained by a journey of years.

On the left of the picture the reader will observe the names of Great Britain and Ireland. The British Empire, including all the colonies, occupies one-fifth of the entire space in the Main Building, and more than half of this is taken up by Great Britain and India. England being the workshop of Europe, the British exhibit comprises a full representation of the best English manufactures. Tools and implements of the finest quality are displayed in great profusion and variety. There is also an extensive display of glass and silver ware, upholstery, carpets, stoves, furniture, linens, artists' materials, dry-goods, stationery, scientific and astronomical instruments, photographic apparatus, clocks, watches, and musical instruments. But the leading feature in the British exhibit is contained in the large show-cases bearing the name of **Elkinton** & Co., electro-platers and silversmiths, of Birmingham. Their collection of dinner services, vases, etc., is valued at $500,000. A single vase in the collection, the Helicon, richly enameled, is valued at $30,000. The reproductions in electro-deposit of ancient works of art from the South Kensington and British Museums are specially noticeable. There are great terra cotta sarcophagi, some of them thirty feet in height, grained and polished so as to be with difficulty distinguished from marble or granite. Not the least interesting feature of the English quarter is an elegant booth, in which is displayed, under the especial patronage of the Queen, hundreds of specimens of needle-work, the greater part of which was executed by ladies of the royal family or those of noble birth.

The model of the Inman steam-ship *City of Berlin*, of which we give an illustration on this page, is one out of a very large collection of models of river and ocean boats exhibited in Machinery Hall. The workmanship of this model, like that, indeed, of all, is remarkably fine and ex-



THE CENTENNIAL—MODEL OF THE STEAM-SHIP "CITY OF BERLIN," IN MACHINERY HALL.



THE DEAD LOCK—AND NOW THE DEMOCRATIC TIGER HAS LOST HIS HEAD.

quisitely finished. The whole collection is worthy of attentive examination and study. The Massachusetts contribution is most interesting. It is tastefully arranged, and comprises over five hundred models, some of them being on quite a large scale. From early colonial times the sea-ports of the old Bay State have sent large fleets every year to the fishing banks, and whole communities are engaged in this occupation. Among the models in this collection may be seen the "bankers," as they were called, in use a hundred years ago. They seem to be about as broad as they are long, and their bows are almost square. In contrast with these ancient craft is exhibited the model of the boats used at the present day, showing what improvements have been made within the century. This model is long and slender, and her sharp cut-water and fine bow lines indicate that speed is one of her good qualities. She has several small boats hanging from her davits, while standing at the side are fifteen men with lines in the water waiting for a bite. There is also a model of a peculiarly shaped Gloucester fishing boat, made fifty years ago, and one of a merchant ship over a hundred years old. This is evidently the work of a sailor's hand. Many persons linger over an old model of the famous frigate *Constitution*, with its double decks and long rows of guns—a reminder of old-time naval warfare, in singular contrast with the modern iron-clads and turreted Monitors, of which models are exhibited by the United States government in another department. There may be seen models of the *Puritan*, now building at Chester, Pennsylvania, a two-turreted Monitor incased in armor twelve inches thick, and furnished with two propellers. Beautifully finished models, six feet in length, of the Pacific Mail steam-ships *City of Peking* and *City of Tokio* are greatly admired. Among the curiosities of the collection is a chicken's breast-bone rigged with sails and having a very maritime appearance.

Another interesting feature in this department is the exhibition of appliances for saving life at sea. Here may be seen the model of a machine designed for throwing a line from shore to a vessel stranded in the surf. The model is only nine inches in length, and yet it throws a light cord to the distance of sixty-five feet. There is also exhibited a dress similar to that worn by Captain Boyton when he performed the feat of swimming across the English Channel.

Canada sends an interesting collection of river boats and canoes. There is one which is called a "glance." It is of a pattern peculiar to Canadian waters—long, both ends coming to a point, and nicely adapted for shallow streams and for shooting rapids. The canoes are light and fragile in appearance, but are capable of sustaining considerable rough usage.

Near the centre of the building there is a collection of light models of sail-boats, racing shells, etc., about which an admiring crowd of visitors is always gathered.

From the exhibition of boats one may naturally turn to the Hydraulic Annex, the general arrangement of which has been carried out under the direction of Colonel John S. Albert, Chief of Bureau in Machinery Hall. The annex contains a tank 160 feet long, sixty feet wide, and eight in depth, into which a large number of pumps are constantly discharging a vast quantity of water. A three-foot pipe, running from the tank on either side, leads to an open trench three feet wide and six feet deep, which runs parallel with the line of the tank immediately under the centre of the space allotted to working pumps. From this trench the water is pumped up into the tank. Every twenty-four hours the supply of water is changed, the tank being filled directly from the Schuylkill by means of powerful pumping machinery.

On entering this department the first object that arrests attention is the great cataract immediately in front of the spectator. The fall of water comes from a large iron tank, thirty-six feet long, fourteen feet wide, and four feet deep, supported on iron columns thirty feet high, and has a very fine effect. This cataract was designed by Colonel Albert. The best view of the annex may be obtained from a platform which runs round three sides of the iron frame-work of the cataract. From this position visitors may see the enormous rush of the water as it issues from the force-pipes into the tanks, the evenness with which the water is distributed over the edge of the weir, and, what is well worth the ascent, may obtain a most interesting bird's-eye view of the whole Hydraulic Annex, the great Corliss engine, and other leading features of that section of Machinery Hall.

SPANISH PRISONS.

Spanish prisons are of three kinds: first, the small house of detention, or lock-up, or *cárcel;* secondly, the ordinary prison, or *cárcel* proper, where those condemned to short terms of imprisonment and those undergoing or awaiting trial are kept; and thirdly, the *presidio,* or prison of large size, under military law, where all those who have been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment are kept under strict watch and ward. In this last the convicts, called *presidarios,* work in chains, making government roads or renewing fortifications; some of these men are sentenced to as much as fifteen years of *presidio.* In the *presidio* the discipline is stricter, the clothes worn are generally prison garments, and the inmates, from hard work and hard fare, lose much of their national characteristics, and therefore it is to a *cárcel* proper, or ordinary jail, that I propose to make a visit with my readers.

The prison, which was formerly a convent, is a large square stone building of three stories, with the usual *patio,* or spacious court-yard, around which it is built, with its modest cloisters that offer a walk sheltered from the blazing sun. Two soldiers of the line kept guard, with fixed bayonets, outside, and the same number within; in the prison is also, close to the door, a guard-room, where a party of six soldiers and a *cabo,* or sergeant, were dozing, or writing on the sloping tables that form the Spanish soldiers' rude bedstead, and which are used both for writing and sleeping upon.

As we entered the quadrangle, which looked bright and clean enough, the following sight met our eyes: About thirty clean, smiling young fellows, each wearing his ordinary clothes, and many of whom were smoking their customary *cigarillos,* lounging about or leaning against the wall chatting gayly enough; there was the peasant from the wilds of the *campo,* his colored handkerchief knotted round his head, denoting him probably to be a Valenciano or Manchego, that primitive head-gear being still adhered to in those provinces; the trim artisan, in his jacket and striped trowsers; and many wearing no article of clothing save a fine flannel vest and white trowsers, the day being intensely hot. Just then a door opened, and two prisoners, called "*bastoneros*"—men who have a separate room and a few little privileges ceded to them for their good conduct, popularity, and physical strength, on condition of their acting as the *prepostores* in a public school, and preserving a rude sort of discipline among their fellows—entered, bearing between them a huge caldron of *guisado* or stew. This they deposited upon the ground, and, without any pressing or confusion, each member of this batch of prisoners presented his wooden platter for his share of the breakfast. The Spaniard drinks little but water, but the bulk of the succulent vegetables and fruit eaten by him is surprising; half a pound of bread, an ordinary soup plate filled with stew, and a pound or two of grapes would be no more than an average meal.

But let it not be supposed that the bill of fare ends here. Each prisoner is allowed to be supplied by his relations with any thing he may like in the way of food; and so at the grating of the Spanish prison one sees the dark-eyed, passionate, handsome girl giving to her unhappy caged lover half of her store of grapes, figs, or melons, or the care-worn, tearful, gray-haired mother dealing out, on the same spot, morning after morning, all that, in justice to the rest of her hungry brood at home, she can spare from her basket of fruit and vegetables and bread for the one sheep of her flock who has gone astray. How often have I witnessed this sight, and heard from the mother's lips, "He is just as dear to me, for all that he has gone astray and is lost!"

A little cluster of them were kneeling down, I observed, in a corner of the court-yard, and when I peered over their shoulders to see what was the attraction, to my surprise they were feeding two tiny sparrows, which, they told me, had fallen out of their nest into the court-yard, and were now the pets of the *patio!* Certainly this court-yard, with its smoking, chatting inmates cutting their melons, petting their tiny birds, their gay sashes and picturesque costumes lit up by the bright sunlight, had very little of the prison look about it; and the gay laugh with which one of them addressed my companion, in whom he found an old friend, "Just a little affair of *borracheria* [drunkenness] brought me in here; I shall soon be out, and will pay you a visit," quite surprised me.

I found, however, that though there were many in the prison for grave offenses, yet that they were only birds of passage, who, when sentenced, would be removed to the *presidio* to fulfill their several terms, the prisoners proper in this jail being only those whose sentences varied from one month to six.

The sleeping arrangements, etc., were as follows: each room was twelve feet in height, twenty-four in breadth by twenty-four, and lighted by one largish window, barred, but without glass; the floors were simply bricked, the walls whitewashed; each prisoner brings his bed with him, and this *cama,* when transferred from the rude cottage to the prison, is called, in prison slang, *petati,* a word which originally meant a mat of fine cocoanut fibre; when a prisoner is taken, the first thing to be done by his family is to send him his rug, or *manta,* and his bed. These rooms are called the *dormitorios,* and ten prisoners inhabit each apartment, rolling up their beds (which are simply laid on the bricks, without any bedstead) to serve as a chair by day. No chairs of any sort, no movable furniture at all, save spoons and platters of wood, are allowed within the prison walls. Many of these poor fellows, I observed, retreated to their *dormitorio* to eat their breakfast; many had a little image or picture hung over their sleeping-place; some had a second suit of clothes, but not above four or five of the whole hundred and five prisoners.

A Spanish prisoner hates to be without his knife, and although they are searched if it is suspected that they have one on their person, yet now and then a knife is safely smuggled in in the centre of a loaf of bread. Of course the aspect of the whole place is singularly bare and comfortless, but it appeared to me perfectly clean; there was no offensive smell even in the infirmary, and the closets were, for Spain, where any cleanliness in those regions is very rare, fairly clean and sweet.

These men are classed thus: in one place will be ten murderers, or slayers of men; in another, ten *transitarios,* or prisoners who are on their weary march to the *presidio,* and are halted for the night at the prison of any town where they may happen to find themselves, for these prisoners, be it remarked, are marched by civil guards from town to town, carrying their bed on their back, and so on.

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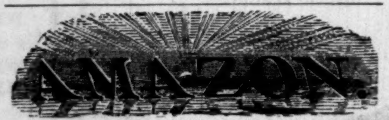

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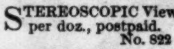

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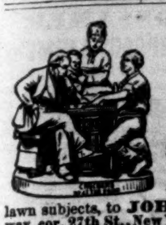

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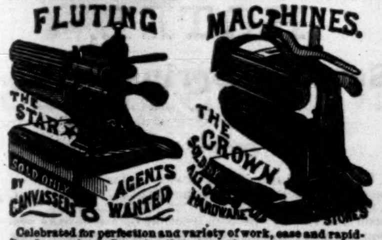

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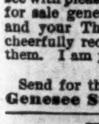

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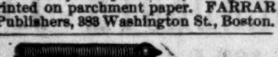

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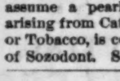

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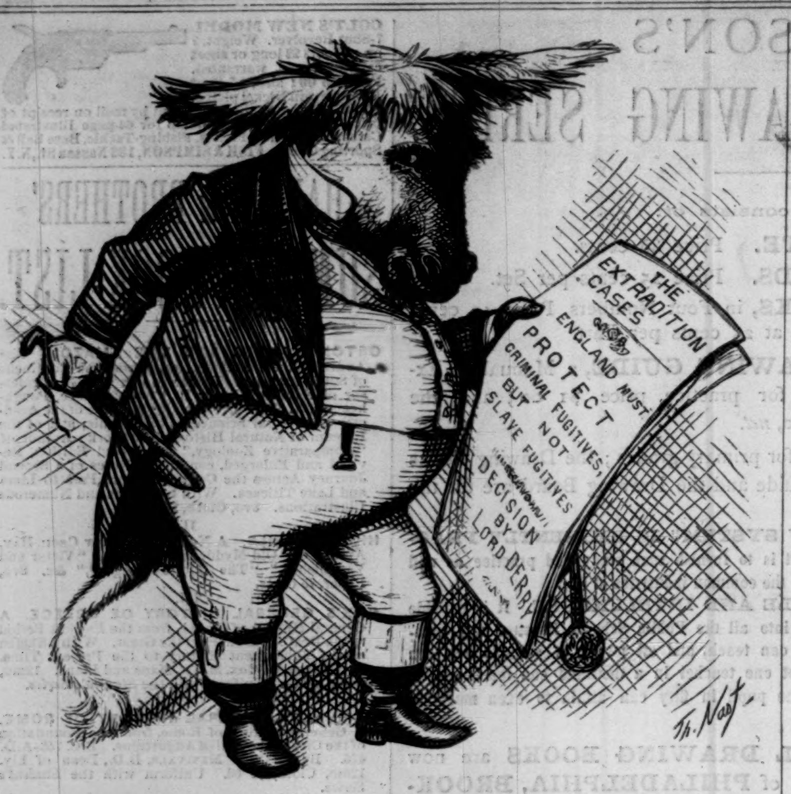
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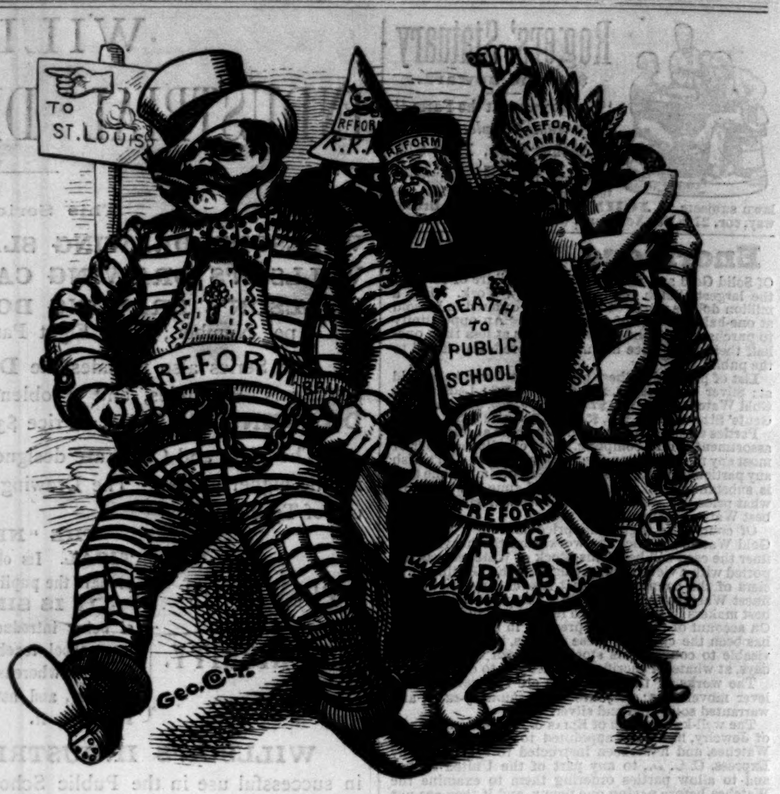

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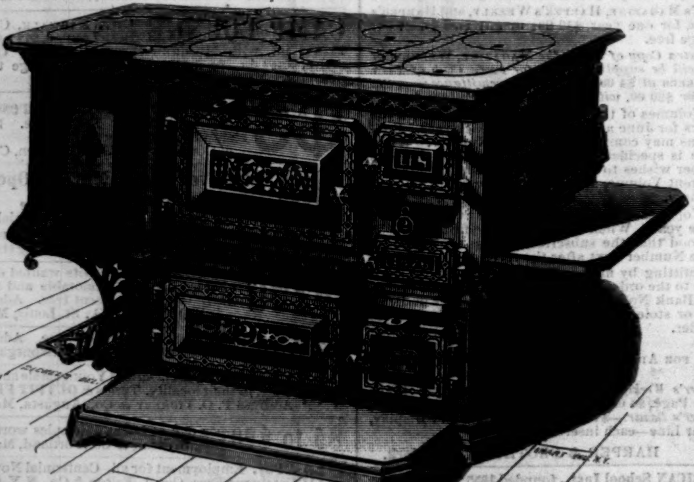

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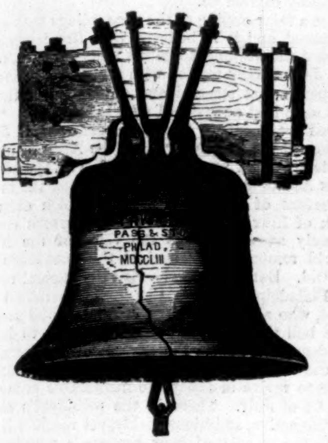
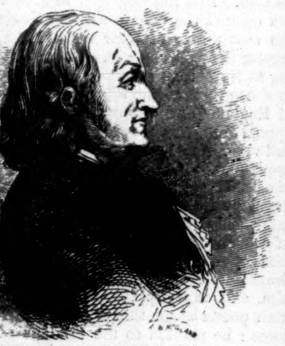


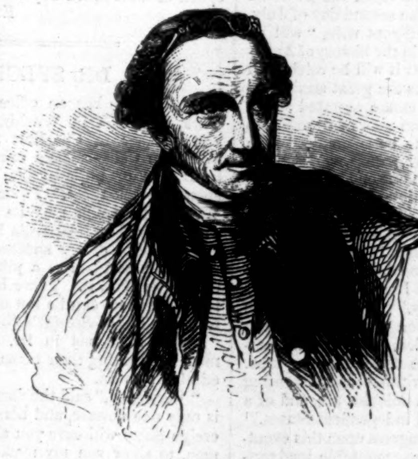
THE LIBERTY BELL.

On the second day of July, 1776, groups of animated and earnest men might be seen in the sultry streets of Philadelphia moving thoughtfully toward that venerable State-house which still remains, but little changed since it witnessed the founding of the republic. The bell that rang out the first salute to freedom is yet kept as a sacred treasure not far from its ancient tower. The room in which the Congress met has not lost all its historical decorations. The lawn, the trees, and even the narrow walks where **John Adams** and **Dickinson** discussed with natural warmth the question of independence may yet be traced. It is not difficult to revive in fancy the memorable scene of that decisive day, or the countenances and bearing of the grave, wise men who met in that plain council-chamber to found a new nation. One was the venerable father of science



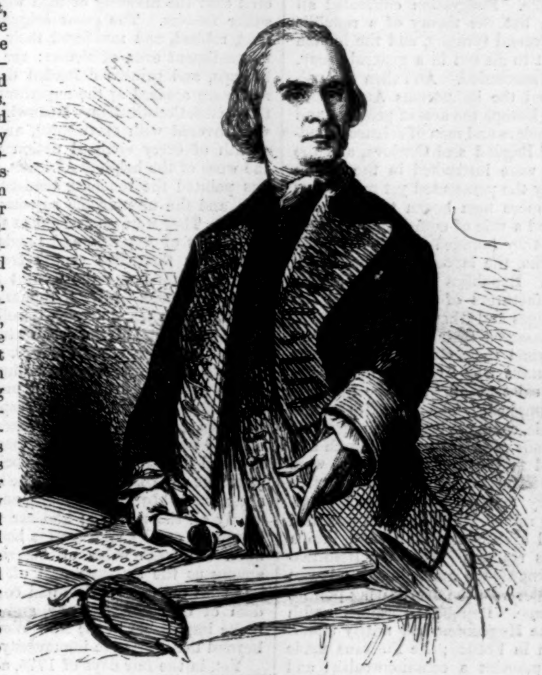
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

in the New World; and **Franklin** at seventy, covered with renown, simple with excessive cultivation, a graceful writer, learned, philosophic, yet too modest to join in the contests of eloquence, too rational, if possible, to represent the highest impulses of progress, looked with composure, and at least without regret, upon the act of independence. A careful, thrifty, not unworldly man, the great philosopher opposed the project of separation until there seemed no room for peace. And at his side we may fancy a thin, dark, gray-eyed Virginian, still young at thirty-three, a democrat of the severest culture, a friend of the people, a swift, inquisitive intellect that was for fifty years longer to move restlessly over the earth. Virginia had produced in **Thomas Jefferson** the most radical of republicans. Human equality was the theory that seemed to engage all his zeal. In America he had already learned to abhor the selfishness of caste, and to sigh for a practical equality. When he went to Europe he could see only the sorrows and the degradation of the people. He complained in bitter tones that of the human race not one-hundredth part were at ease, or treated as if they were men. In France, which to **Franklin** and **John Adams** seemed the land of pleasure, elegance, and grace, **Jefferson** saw only the hand of tyranny pressing down the helpless crowd remorselessly, and in a moment of inspiration cried out to his correspondent, **Wythe**, in America, "Above all things, educate the people." The chief and almost the first of republicans, **Jefferson** saw with intense distinctness that no free institutions could exist without knowledge, and that the school-master must rule in his new nation or it would perish. Like **Franklin**, **Jefferson** was no speaker. He sat almost mute in the sessions of Congress. On the memorable 2d of July he took no part in the great debate. But to his facile pen was committed the task of preparing the Declaration of Independence—to almost the youngest member of the assembly fell the duty of embodying in a brief essay the defense of the act of separation. Virginia told to the world by the hand of her youthful statesman the wrongs of the people, and enforced for all ages the doctrine of universal freedom.



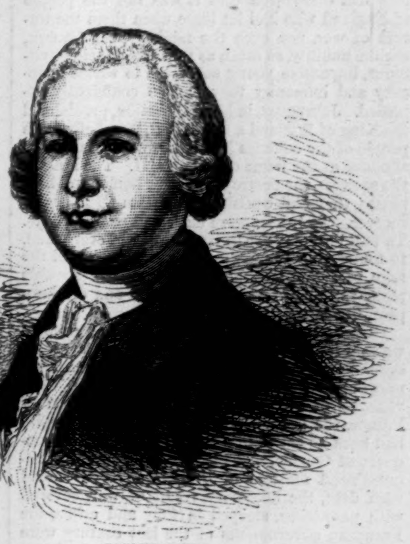
PATRICK HENRY.

Virginia's equally ardent republican, **Richard Henry Lee**, who, like **Jefferson**, represented the extreme of radicalism, was absent from the Congress, or his animated voice would have been heard on this memorable occasion in the debate that decided the fate of human liberty. **Lee** was one of six brothers, all of whom became eminent. Born in wealth and ease in the cultivated society of the colony, they were the most active leaders of the democracy. One was an alderman in London, the friend of **Wilkes** and the people; one, **Arthur Lee**, a young barrister who was never weary of defending America in the English journals. But **Richard Henry Lee**, the colleague of **Jefferson** and **Patrick Henry**, had led Virginia to the front of the patriotic movement. Temperate, learned, modest, polite, **Lee** sighed for a republic in which no cruel distinctions should separate man from man, and in which no coarse selfishness should debase the highest elements of freedom. **Lee** would have all men pure, refined, elegant, industrious, true. He "longed to fly," he said, "from the dull indolence of the Virginia gentry" to close his life in the more democratic scenery of Massachusetts. Ever an enthusiast like **Hampden**, **Sydney**, **Warren**, and **Fletcher**, he would revive in the New World the austerity of the classic ideal of a freeman. But from the decisive days of the July session **Lee** was drawn away by the illness of his wife, and his place was supplied by his two most intimate and honored friends, except, perhaps, those of his own State and family—**Samuel** and **John Adams**. Sorrowfully and even hopelessly had **John Adams** left his pleasant farm at Braintree, or his house in Boston, his intelligent wife and dutiful children, his rising practice at the bar, and his native scene almost forever, to join in the founding of a state. Ambitious he certainly was. His early letters as school-master or lawyer show that he pined for some ideal elevation above his fellows, and that he never learned that true greatness is to serve and to obey. The duties of a citizen had torn him away from all that he loved and held valuable, to plunge him in the toils of a legislator, the speculations of a statesman. And for nearly twenty years in Philadelphia, Paris, London, and the Hague he wandered in a brilliant but unsatisfactory exile. He was now forty years old. His appearance was pleasing, his manners cultivated with care. He was well read in the law and fond of literature. But it was as a speaker that **John Adams** excelled **Jefferson** and **Franklin**, and by the power of eloquence aided chiefly in building a republic. It was not that he was an impulsive natural orator like **Patrick Henry**, or a keen debater like Fox. But his voice was clear and resonant, his taste not uncultivated, his logic rational, his learning careful and well applied. One greater orator from Massachusetts was absent from the important Congress, and the brilliant, bold, defiant **James Otis**, to whom might well be applied the name of the creator of the theory of independence,[1] was left at home a hopeless maniac. A blow upon his head from a Tory opponent had shattered his brain. "They tell me," he said, in moments of sad merriment, "that my skull is cracked." **Otis** scarcely beheld the vast revolution of which he had been, with **Lee** and **Samuel Adams**, the chief promoter, and a startling doom closed his eminent, successful, yet singularly melancholy career. In 1783 he lived at a farm-house at Andover, under the care of the farmer and his family. Peace had come, the land was free. One day a heavy cloud passed over the farm-house, and all the family in alarm gathered in one room. **Otis** stood leaning against the door; a sharp peal of thunder was heard, the solid earth trembled, and in a moment the great orator staggered and fell dead in the arms of his host. No one else was injured. A bolt from heaven had borne him away swiftly, as he had often expressed a wish to die.[1]

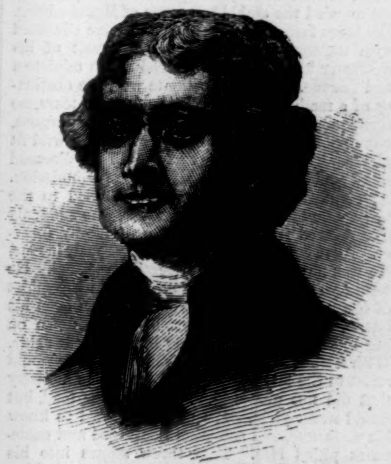


SAMUEL ADAMS.

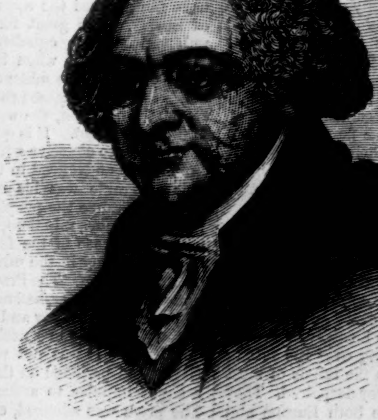
But possibly the most powerful and sincere of all the advocates of independence was **Samuel Adams**. A fair-haired, mild, and quiet man of over fifty, he was the oracle to whom **Lee**, **Jefferson**, and even **John Adams** ever turned with singular respect. **Samuel Adams** was the most republican of all the ardent republicans of his day. Poor, and living with many deprivations, he yet contemned money; he would live only in republican simplicity. Honors, emoluments, and even power he never sought. But to the cause of independence he gave all the rich resources of his intellect, all the labors of the mature years of his life. He was a fine writer, a careful logician, a skillful political leader, and long before his contemporaries had ventured to speak of liberty **Samuel Adams** saw that America must yet be free. Such were some of the chief patriots of July, 1776. Such were the chief leaders in the great debate of freedom. But within the walls of Congress were others who even on that memorable day opposed the project of independence as rash, mad, and hopeless. Of these the most noted was **Dickinson**, the Pennsylvania farmer, whose letters had done much to rouse the people to resistance, but who now shrank back in alarm from the bolder counsels of **Adams** and **Lee**. **Robert Morris** and one or two others counseled patience, and even submission. But already the voice of the enraged people had come up from the long line of feeble settlements from Maine to Georgia demanding independence. It was as the representatives of the indignant people that **Adams**, **Jefferson**, and **Lee** founded a republic, and snatched America for all ages from the cruel bonds of Europe.



JAMES OTIS.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.



JOHN ADAMS.

Yet well in those dark days might the project of independence seem mad or hopeless to the prudent or the timid. While the Congress deliberated in Philadelphia the flames of war blazed through all the land. The patriots of New York, as they voted steadily for independence, might see the great English fleet riding securely in their harbor, and hear the signal guns that told of the landing upon Staten Island of an invading army greater than America had ever yet beheld. New York, in the front of danger, gave the signal of resistance to the nation. The coasts of New England were beset by British cruisers. Death and desolation environed the patriots on every side. A great fleet threatened the Southern harbors, the blackened ruins of Norfolk showed of what the invaders were capable; the courage of a few soldiers had saved Charleston from perhaps a not dissimilar fate. On the sea-coast all was terror and desolation, but still more dreadful was the prospect on the brink of that immense wilderness which still bounded the thin line of settlements with an impenetrable gloom. Its fierce tenants had broken from their hiding-places. The settlers of Carolina or Kentucky fled from their blazing homes, or fell victims to a ruthless foe. From New York to Georgia the scalping-knife was raised to extirpate freedom, and foreign tyranny had relied upon the savages as its natural ally. "With **Clinton**'s activity and the Indians in the rear," wrote at a later period the mad King **George** III., "the Provinces will soon submit."[1] All the horrors of war were let loose upon the once happy and prosperous land. **Jefferson**, in the Declaration of Independence, has condensed the mournful catalogue of its woes. The cruel rage of the savages, the barbarities of the British cruisers, the pitiless policy of the English court, the misery of the unhappy land, were the arguments on which he insisted to convince his countrymen of the necessity of freedom. Amidst the clamor of war, the clash of contending armies, in the presence of a thousand perils and of a dark and ominous future, the people, enraged, resolute, unyielding, went calmly to the polls and voted for independence. The men who advocated submission were removed from Congress. Pennsylvania rejected **Dickinson**; New York ordered its delegates to take the irrevocable step. The Congress met in July, 1776, instructed by its constituents to throw off forever all allegiance to the British crown. There had been a time when loyalty to the British crown was the distinguishing trait of the American colonists, when every address and every petition showed their real regard for the young monarch who had apparently a sincere desire to live an honest life, when no one would believe that the occupant of the throne was the chief cause of all their misery, and that it was a mad and cruel king who had invoked the horrors of war upon his people. It was scarcely eighteen months since **John Adams** had been looked upon with coldness, and almost exposed to personal danger, because he was believed to be in favor of independence. The party of independence had been small and obscure at the first sitting of the Congress in 1774. But the swift course of events had roused the people and driven them on before even their leaders. They had discovered that their chief enemy was their king. Once they had complained only of the ministers, the politicians, and the great lords who seemed to grow rich from their misfortunes, of the avarice of the European traders who oppressed them with cruel monopolies, of the vices or the follies of their

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[1] Tudor, *Otis*, 87. His speeches on the writs of assistance (p. 63-70) opened the struggle.

[1] Tudor, *Life of Otis*, p. 485. He said he would like to be struck by lightning.

[1] George III. to Lord North, June 22, 1779.

European officials. But almost in a moment they had discovered that it was not the people of England who had let loose upon them the terrors of war, nor even the ministry, the Church, nor the nobility, so much as that fair, gracious, virtuous, impassive young sovereign to whose clemency and humanity they had so confidently appealed. Jefferson, in his Declaration, proclaimed the King of England a tyrant, but, long before, the people of the colonies had instinctively learned to shudder at the name of George III. The king of the savages, the destroyer of their homes and happiness, they had banished him from their hearts forever. Ah! those were dark and perilous days. To build a home for the persecuted of every land, to found a true republic, our ancestors defied the rage of the tyrant, and broke with intolerable pains the chain of old association and of European bondage.

George III., the ruler whom they had once so warmly loved and now so feared and hated, ascended the English throne in 1760, the most potent and popular of all the European kings. The victories of Pitt had insured the humiliation of France, the obedience of Spain. A new empire had been added to the English realm by the conquest of Canada, and English fleets rode the unquestioned masters of every sea. Yet, loaded with debt, the necessary result of war, covered with pauperism, steeped in folly and crime, the European governments of the last century were all examples of inhumanity, tyranny, and a hopeless decay. France was seething with the impulses of the coming Revolution, and Germany torn by the jealousies and the rage of its almost countless princes. Spain was in its last decline. But to England the possession of America seemed to give the prospect of endless progress, and already her colonies were the happiest and most fortunate portion of the globe. To this great empire George III. succeeded at the age of twenty-two. His morals were pure in the midst of a world of vice, his manners gracious and pleasing. He married the staid Charlotte of Mecklenburg. His large family of girls and boys were educated with unusual strictness. But one trait of his character had early been noticed by his ministers and friends. He was obstinate with the obstinacy of a madman. No remonstrance, no tears, no consequences, could turn him from his purpose, but opposition only drove him into some wild fit of insanity, and even in early youth his diseased mind could only be soothed by abject submission. At eighteen, it is said, he was married to the fair Quakeress Hannah Lightfoot, who suddenly disappeared from her friends and family forever. At twenty-five he became dangerously insane. He was never afterward altogether rational. He would wear a strange, uncouth wig in the midst of the most splendid ceremonials, when even his queen, the staid Charlotte, had gone down on her knees before him to beg him to lay it aside. With flushed and distorted countenance, he would resist to the last every suggestion of his ministry that did not please him: he would go mad, but would never yield. His people seemed to know his weakness, and sometimes outraged and sometimes pitied him. They threw stones into his carriage, they shot at him or sought to stab him, and soon after met him with fond acclamations and expressions of sincere delight. It is not probable that at the last any one but an insane king would have thought of continuing the war in America. No one, it seems, but a madman would have hired Hessians, Russians, Irish Catholics, Mohawks, and Cherokees to massacre his own subjects, or could hope to win them by such means back to submission. To the people of England, indeed, in 1776, the project of war seemed altogether an act of madness. Powerful as England had grown under the aggressive rule of Pitt, it was still menaced by the bitter rage of France and Spain. "The English are now ruining themselves," exclaimed Voltaire, in 1776; and there were many men in England who saw as clearly as he that the prosecution of the war would only end in defeat. "What will France and Spain do?" was naturally asked in all the centres of trade, in Parliament, or by the press, and the royal faction could only answer that it was not for their interest to defend revolted colonies. What barbarity, what brutality, for an impost on tea to massacre our fellow-countrymen in America! cried Burke, Barré, and Chatham. What folly to risk a continent for the sake of an insignificant revenue and a doubtful principle! The English press ridiculed the first projects of the ministry, and laughed at their discomfitures.

> "The continent whole
> We shall take, by my soul,
> If the cowardly Yankees will let us,"

wrote a satirist in the *Scots' Magazine* on Sir Peter Parker's defeat at Charleston. No one in England seems to have been blind to the terrors of the time. The weakness of their navy, the army made up of savages and mercenaries, the incompetent generals, the failure of every military project, the secret and at last open hostility of France and Spain, the perils that hung over the falling realm, were never absent from the minds of most Englishmen; they trembled, they despaired. They fought with heroic endurance both Europe and America; yet no one in all England but the insane king could have believed that peace would ever return except with the independence of the colonies, or that the Declaration of 1776 would ever be withdrawn.

But of all this the members of the Congress were in a great measure unconscious. The sorrows or the fears of their enemy were forgotten in the intense perception of their own. They saw only the whole power of undivided England exerted for their ruin, and the vast fleets and armies of the enraged king mercilessly invading and desolating their homes. To Samuel Adams, Jefferson, Livingston, or Jay there might have seemed no choice but in submission or destruction. At least the terrible doubt must have hung over them that defeat and reaction might come at last. Yet on that memorable 2d of July no one faltered. Hope filled every breast, and in the very front of tyranny, a remorseless enemy, and a doubtful future, the patriotic assembly discussed and passed the Magna Charta of human liberty.

Ah, how often had men sighed for a land in which honest industry might enjoy its prudent gains and virtue win a certain tolerance! How often had the wise and pure of every age met together to found a republic, and been deceived! When Europe was a savage wilderness, except for a thin line of settlements around the Mediterranean Sea, when all England and France, Germany and Spain, were the haunts of savage tribes and woodland monsters, a fair, adventurous, brilliant race had sprung up on the shores of the Ægean, and meditated from the Acropolis on the rights of man. The Greeks invented the principle of a commonwealth. Solitary, isolated in the midst of a desolate world, always fighting for existence with the savages or each other, a frontier race who urged on the course of emigration and progress, the half-inspired intellect of Greece founded a series of republics that faded one by one before the influence of caste and slavery. Founded upon cruelty and oppression, the Greek thought of freedom perished in its spring. A Latin race took up the conception. The plebeians of Rome discussed beneath their Seven Hills the rights of man, the theory of universal suffrage, the equalization of property, and the principles of the public weal. Here, too, slavery had disappointed all their hopes; the freemen disappeared; society was transformed into two classes, the enslaving and the enslaved; honest industry upheld for many years the perishing frame of the empire, and replaced the ravages of war and the plunder of the idle. Emigration cultivated all Western Europe; but the theory of a republic vanished in a universal tyranny, and the human race seemed about to die out in a general decay. A new barbarism succeeded. And then the polished Hebrews and the industrious Arabs once more imparted to Europe the arts of progress and peace. Jewish scholars and men of science founded the schools of Bagdad and Cordova, and the Goths and Huns were instructed in the simple rules of politics by the persecuted yet prosperous Hebrews. Once more men began to sigh for a commonwealth and a rule of equity and law. In the Middle Ages they founded republics on the banks of the Arno, the lagoons of Venice, the valley of the Po. Republics sprang up among the hardy manufacturers of Flanders and the merchants of Bruges and Ghent. Kings assailed them, nobles massacred their people when they caught them beyond their city walls, and wondered with Commines why "God permitted the working-men to exist at all," and the idle and the thievish triumphed. The republics of the Middle Ages—rude, coarse, severe, yet progressive—fell into the hands of tyrants. The Church and the state labored to destroy freedom, and were successful. The industrious reformer, the active heretic, and every man of thought was persecuted, robbed, or ruined. The intellect was held in bondage; and even Switzerland sank into a scene of hopeless reaction. Then the Reformation came, and knowledge and education began their lasting conflict with the overbearing politics of a spiritual Rome. Republics sprang up with free thought; the Huguenots had nearly undermined despotism in France; the Puritans made England for a moment a commonwealth; and Holland boasted in its highest glory that it had revived the liberal conceptions of the Greeks. Yet in the eighteenth century once more every republic had perished except Switzerland, and as Samuel and John Adams, Jay, Franklin, or Lee surveyed the dim stream of history, they might well tremble to find its shores strewn chiefly with the wrecks of freedom, and monarchies and despotisms alone flourishing where once had stood the dawning fabrics of human equality.

But they were not affrighted at the scene, and resolved to dedicate the New World to the purest republicanism. Of the surprising novelty of their conceptions it is now difficult to form a just impression. A hundred years of rational progress have familiarized the mind to the widest strides of liberty. The great foundations of their republic, toleration, equality, education, seem no longer new. But when Samuel Adams, Franklin, and Lee, in the midst of the barbarous eighteenth century, proposed them to the world as the basis of legislation, the world scoffed at them as if they were mad. It is quite impossible, indeed, for any one to conceive without intense study how far man has advanced in the last hundred years, how miserable was his condition in 1776. In polished France the people were nearly all lower than the brutes, mindless, hopeless, taxed to support the license of the few, covered with superstition, starving in the midst of splendor, wretched beyond belief. The Protestant and the Hebrew, persecuted together, had no safe home in the midst of the riotous nobility and the suspicious Church. Bigotry, intense and senseless, insisted upon Catholic unity. It was not many years since Jean Calas had perished on the rack; it needed only a slight impulse to arouse another persecution. The press was silenced, education was unknown to nine-tenths of the people. A court, nobility, and clergy engrossed all the resources of the nation. Crime was unpunished among the higher classes, and the brutal people were often cruel and murderous as wild beasts. All over Germany there was tyranny and popular degradation. The Bohemian peasants in 1776 rose against their oppressors, massacred the nobles, and were suppressed by a savage government. Brutes as they were, the people were worse treated than brutes. They were massacred like wolves, and were of no more consequence than a swarm of flies. Beaten, plundered, deceived, happy if permitted to live at all, the sovereign people in France, Italy, Germany, and Spain were apparently made only to be the serfs of priests and kings. The barbarous eighteenth century had scarcely reached the grade of classical civilization. It is probable that man was happier and more at his ease in the perilous and cruel days of the Roman empire than he was in the age of Gibbon and Voltaire.

A hundred years ago no Protestant dissenter could hold office in England, no Hebrew become a British citizen, no Roman Catholic live at ease in Ireland. The Jews were still persecuted with singular indignities in all Roman Catholic countries. The Protestant might yet expect an *auto da fé* in Spain. Toleration was scarcely understood even in Switzerland and Holland, except in a limited form. In England the people were as barbarous as those of France. Education was unknown to four-fifths of them. The peasants lived in miserable hovels, and fever and pestilence were seldom absent from the majority of the English homes. In London and all over England crime raged with unequaled audacity, and sometimes thirty criminals were hanged at once at Tyburn without restraining their fellows. Highwaymen haunted all the great roads. Life was scarcely safe in the heart of London. The London of Johnson and Boswell was a pandemonium where gamblers, burglars, and cut-throats abounded, and where the rich and the poor joined in one common dissipation. One can scarcely realize how miserable was the human race amidst the barbarities of kings and nobles a hundred years ago, what tears were shed, what horrors endured, by those who have since become the sovereign people.

The chief trait of the eighteenth century was its intense inhumanity. No one cared for the sufferings of others, and no one except a few philosophers and a few Americans had discovered that the majority of men were not born to suffer forever. The great seigneurs of France beat, robbed, and murdered their peasants with no sentiment even of shame; the English lords, bishops, and princes defended their cruel laws, and were amazed at the superhuman wisdom of the British Constitution. Meanwhile all the ocean was covered with slave-ships, and the horrible wealth of every civilized nation was won from the woes of the helpless Africans. Mungo Park has painted the touching tenderness, the heroic love, and the unutterable sorrows of his fellow-slaves. They were poured out in thousands upon the shores of America, and London, Lisbon, and New York flourished rankly from their woes. The slave-trade was the richest mine of European commerce. Fifteen thousand slaves were landed in one year in South Carolina; Spain and Portugal covered all the ocean with their slavers; English statesmen and bishops, and Portuguese nobles and priests, saw no wrong in the gainful traffic, founded churches and monasteries from its profits, lived in eminent respectability from its gains, defended it with arguments from Scripture and tradition, and looked upon those who denounced it as the enemies of social order; Wilberforce and Clarkson were the heretics of their age, accursed by many bishops, and contemned by nearly all the nobility; and far worse than all, European cruelty and avarice had forced slavery upon the fresh fields of America, had planted among us the supreme pest of civilization, had left here the canker that had corroded the freedom of Greece and Rome, and had seemed to make impossible in the New World any advance beyond the impassive inhumanity of the past.

Yet, in the fair days of 1776, a gracious vision once more descended upon mankind, and a republic was founded in which toleration, humanity, education, and virtue were to be the pillars of the rising state. In the midst of the cruelty, the tyranny, the vices, of the eighteenth century, our American reformers ventured to speak words of solace to the suffering multitude, to promise them some relief from their woes, to tell them of their duties and their rights, to call them even the sovereign people. It was the day that all men had long hoped for, the day that had once seemed so near in the early republics, and then faded into night. Well might John Adams break into a kind of lyric rapture when he surveyed the work he had just accomplished. "The second day of July, 1776," he wrote to his intelligent wife, "will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, balls, bonfires, illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forever."

"You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this Declaration and defend these States. Yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory." "Yesterday," he cried, "the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting colony, "that these United Colonies are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent States."[1]

Of the proceedings of Congress upon this eventful day it is one of the unaccountable inadvertences of history that no record has been preserved. No one of its polished writers has left a narrative of the stately debate of the 2d of July. None of its eminent orators have described in their speeches, or published in their journals, the particulars of the memorable scene.[2] Not a line of its eloquence has been preserved. We are better acquainted with the speeches delivered in the Roman Senate and the Roman Forum, with the debates of the English Parliament in 1641, with the harangues of French Jacobins or English reformers, than with the grand discussion of the principles of liberty and progress which on the American continent was so thoroughly and so fearlessly carried on.

Yet a faint outline of the proceedings may still be traced, and it is believed that Dickinson rehearsed the argument against independence, and that John Adams replied with a fiery yet rational eloquence that startled and amazed even those who were best acquainted with his powers. "It moved the members from their seats," said Jefferson, of the speech. "He is the Atlas of independence," said another patriot. The speech of John Adams may well be placed among the most important of literary losses, for which even a book of Livy or a fragment of Polybius could scarcely atone. It was the voice of the New World remonstrating against the decadence of the Old. But to those who visit the ancient room at Philadelphia where Congress assembled in 1776, who almost hear the clangor of the venerable bell that rang out the first salute to independence, who tread the sacred soil consecrated by the descent of freedom, it will not be impossible to revive in fancy the memorable scene of the 2d of July. There in the president's chair sat the active, ambitious, sickly, yet resolute Hancock, the richest of New England's merchants, eager for praise, for military or political office, for the popular regard, a patriot who ventured his large fortune in the service of his country, and whose wide hospitality and generous display impoverished and embarrassed him. Pale, delicate, nervous, feeble, yet Hancock possessed all the practical qualities necessary for a chairman of the Congress. There, too, was the Nestor of American politics, the venerable Franklin, composed, equable, and resolved. There Samuel Adams and Jefferson listened to the wonderful eloquence of the man they had kept faithful to republicanism. There South Carolina sent its accomplished Gadsden and its eloquent Rutledge, and New York, heroic and afflicted, its Livingston and Jay. An assemblage honorable and trustworthy, intelligent, patriotic, courageous, listened to the great discussion with patience, although they were already pledged to independence, and heard without alarm the misgivings of its foes. It is not improper to infer that Dickinson opened the debate with a solemn picture of the vast power of their enemy, of the disunion among their own people, of the great army landing at New York or pressing down from Canada to chase them to the wild woods, of the clemency of England, and of loyalty to its king. To this appeal John Adams rose to reply. He was in the full vigor of manhood, earnest, conscientious, hot, impetuous. His sonorous voice rang through the venerable room, and his energy startled grave members from their seats. He painted, we may infer, the wrongs of the people and the crimes of their oppressors; he reviewed in stately periods their incessant and useless appeals for redress; he surveyed the vast continent around him, and, rapt by the solemn theme, declared with poetic ardor that the hour of freedom had come; he pointed to the millions of the future who would bless the counsels that had given them liberty, and foretold the mighty revolution in governments and nations that must follow the triumph of freedom on that decisive day. All the Congress, apparently inspired like himself, gave a unanimous assent to his appeal. Every colony voted for universal freedom. Jefferson was left to prepare the Declaration of Independence, and the Fourth of July, 1776, heard the peal of the venerable bell that rang out liberty to all mankind, and the words of wise forecast that proclaimed to the nations the coming sovereignty of the people.

In 1876 let us repeat the exulting cry of Adams, Jefferson, and Lee. A hundred years of progress have raised a hundred millions of men to a new sense of freedom. America is a republic, Europe has pressed on toward liberty, the world is nearly free. The Fourth of July has become the anniversary most noted in the annals of mankind, the birthday of human freedom, the epoch of unbounded hope.

Eugene Lawrence.

DR. SPECIFIC.

Dr. Specific has an office on Broadway, New York, a branch in Washington Street, Boston, and another in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. When he wants a little excursion, he advertises in Boston or Philadelphia that he is about to spend a week there. Twice in the year he goes West. His track may be traced all over the country by the sarsaparilla bottles he leaves.

The secret of his success is simplicity. His practice is as plain as a pike-staff. Every body can understand it. There is only one medicine; therefore there can be but one disease. The one medicine is *Dr. Specific's Sovereign Sirup.*

Seven men met in Dr. Specific's office one morning, waiting their turns. They all complained of dyspepsia.

"Very good," said the doctor, smiling. "There is only one disease, and here we see it. My Sovereign Sirup will cure you all. And now, gentlemen, to show you my mastery of the subject, I will tell you your own symptoms. I'll take you all together."

"But, Sir," interposed the first, a sunburned farmer from New Jersey—"Sir—"

"That's enough," said the doctor, raising his hand. "You need only open your mouth, and I see through you. You've got no teeth. You can't digest without mastication, and you can't masticate without teeth. You mumble your food, and down it goes in lumps. It's like putting pebbles in a coffee-mill. Now a regular physician would tell you to go to a dentist, and have your old stumps out and get a set of good clean grinders, and you'd laugh at dyspepsia. But *I* know better than that! I know you don't want to have 'em out; and you think you can't afford a new set. You think it better to pay me five dollars a bottle for the Sovereign Sirup, which you can take with a tea-spoon, than to pay a hundred to have your jaw broken. And *I* think so too. Here's a bottle. Five dollars, if you please. You'll feel better after taking it every day. There's a little spirits in it, to produce that effect. But don't feel troubled if you don't get well right away. How long have you been ailing?"

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[1] *Familiar Letters*, p. 191, 192. John Adams to his wife.

[2] *Life of John Adams*, i. 228, 229.

"Oh, these fifteen years."

"Very well, now. Remember that what's been on you these fifteen years can't be cured by sirup in fifteen days, nor fifteen weeks either. Come back for another bottle as soon as you've used this up.—And you, Sir," said the doctor, turning promptly to the next, a stout, ruddy gentleman, who but for a pallid cast upon his sanguine complexion would have seemed the picture of health. "I see you are in a bad way, Sir."

"Yes," replied he; "my food distresses me, and I can't sleep nights."

"I see," said the doctor, "I see. You are in business?"

"Yes. My factory is in Williamsburg, but our warehouse is down town."

"You attend at both, don't you?"

"Yes; I am back and forth all the time."

"And you are on the School Board, ain't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And on the Executive Committee of the Bible Society?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And do you hold any office in your church?"

"Yes, Sir; I am an elder, and president of the trustees."

"How many evening meetings do you have?"

"Two church meetings a week, besides vestry meeting, and church Sunday nights."

"Perhaps you are in the Sunday-school?"

"Yes; I am superintendent of our mission school."

"Any bank or insurance company?"

"Yes; I'm on the board in our bank and one in Williamsburg too, and I'm in two or three insurance companies. But what has all this to do with it? I'll take care of my business, if you'll cure my dyspepsia."

"Excuse me," persisted the doctor. "But who is a good broker in Wall Street? You go down there once in a while?"

"Yes; Smith I always deal through."

"And for gold who do you employ?"

"Jones."

"Well, how are governments to-day?"

"An eighth lower."

"Well, well," said the doctor, musingly. "Stocks, gold, governments, church, board, committee, Sunday-school, bank, insurance company, mill, counting-room—now it's odd, isn't it, that you should have just the same complaint as our quiet friend here who has only lost his teeth? But that's just the fact. Your food distresses you. Now a regular physician would laugh at you, and tell you to get out of Wall Street and committees, get home at four every day, and not leave till nine in the morning, and spend the evenings with your family like a Christian."

"Yes," interposed the patient, "that's just what our physician told me."

"Now you and I know better than that," continued Dr. Specific. "He meant well, but that is humbug. You won't take any such advice as *that*. You *can't* do it. It's sheer nonsense to expect it. You think it is a great deal better to worry through, with a gentle stimulant from the Sovereign Sirup, and a little sedative at night. You'd lose $50,000 a year, perhaps, on his advice, and mine only costs you five dollars a bottle. You think it is better to take *my* remedy, and *I* do too. But you must keep it up. If you want the cure to be permanent, you must make the medicine permanent."

The next gentleman was a thin student.

"You don't eat enough," said the doctor.

"Well," replied the poor fellow, meekly, "I am in the seminary—"

"I understand," interposed the doctor. "Some benevolent institution is starving you into the ministry. They might, at least, see that you were fed well till they get you at work. I know what goes on sometimes in those dormitories, where proud and self-sacrificing young fellows conceal their wants, and feed on meal stewed in water over their stove, and flavored with salt. Your food distresses you, of course. Isn't it odd, now, that you should have the same complaint as our friend here, the bank president? Now a regular physician would tell you to live well; but, good Lord! that's a mockery. Suppose I were to give you a prescription, *prandia cum beefsteakibus*, they would not understand *that* at the seminary. Gentlemen, there is a great deal of humbug in this world. This young man ought to dine sumptuously every day; but I'll not be guilty of the humbug of telling him to go and be fed. Come and dine with me, my friend, at one o'clock. It sha'n't be said that you were hungry and *I* gave you no meat. Meanwhile, here is a bottle of the Sovereign Sirup, which, if you can only get something to eat with it, will do you—well, will do you no harm.—And now, Sir," turning quickly to the next, a thin, cadaverous man, "what's the matter with your digestion?"

"Bless you, Sir, I have no digestion at all."

"You have plenty to eat?" said the doctor.

"Yes, but it seems to do me no good."

"I see your case at a glance," responded the doctor. "You're a teacher, perhaps?"

"Yes."

"Is your school in your house?"

"Next door."

"What are your amusements?"

"I amuse myself with my books."

"Do you walk?"

"Yes—to my school-room."

"Then your only recreation is to eat and drink?"

"That's about all."

"And no exercise but to whip the boys, eh? Now isn't it odd that you should have the same complaint as these friends here, and that you should need the same medicine? That's the fact. A regular physician would tell you that you eat too much and move about too little; you put out the fire with too much fuel and too little stirring. *Of course* your food distresses you, and you may well say you haven't any digestion. But I know it would be only humbugging you to make you think you could change your habits. That's what you *don't want* to do, and you come for the Sovereign Sirup because you know you can't do better. I think it's the best thing you can do to pay me five dollars a month (and," whispered he, "I'll take back the bottles at three dollars a dozen if the labels are clean). If you were of a mind to take in this young man and divide your meals with him, both of you would be about right. But then you would rather feel full and stupid than hungry and bright at any time; I know it as well as you do. So take this whenever you feel stupid, and the oftener the better. Five dollars, if you please—or will you have half a dozen?"

The next patient was a fine-looking man, apparently a clergyman, with crape upon his hat and grief upon his face. He had been broken down by sudden sorrows, and his crushed heart, overrun with cares and duties and incessantly drained by oversensitive sympathies for the sufferings he found about him, was unable to recover itself. He had fallen into a morbid, nervous state, in which he passed alternately through extreme mental excitement and profound moral despondency.

"Now, my dear Sir," said Dr. Specific, "see how admirably the Sovereign Sirup works. A regular physician would tell you you must leave your duties and go abroad to recuperate. Your life is all up in your brain, and you have no force left. You ought to go away and leave your head behind you, a physician would say; but I know you won't do that—you've no heart to go, you've no means. Your conscience won't let you leave the tread-mill where you are killing yourself, and you know as well as I do how little use it is to reason with conscience. But you know the power of faith; you want something to believe in, and the Sovereign Sirup is just that thing. Take it every day, and only believe it is doing you good, and it surely will do you good."

The next man was a merchant, a tall, stalwart person. One would have thought it impossible that he should complain of dyspepsia. But he could eat nothing in the morning. If he took food, his stomach rejected it. It was noon before he was fit for any thing. He had terrible distresses.

"Now, my friend," said the doctor, "you have splendid teeth, are not overrun with work, neither starve nor surfeit, have not been broken in nerves, and yet—isn't it odd?—you need just the same medicine as our friends here. Perhaps you drink very hard at your evening dinner; perhaps you have to be put to bed three or four nights in a week by your servant; perhaps you are so quiet about it that your friends are almost ignorant of your vice, and you manage it so adroitly that you are never 'the worse for liquor' in the daytime, yet your wife knows you are dying of drink. But if her cries and tears do not stop you, what's the use of a regular physician to advise you? There's no hope for you but to take the Sovereign Sirup, which is good for dyspepsia in *all* its forms. There's only *one* disease after all that's said. Isn't it odd, now? A regular physician would talk to you in vain about stopping the cause of this trouble; but you know that's no use as well as I do. What's the use of paying doctors' bills to be told to do what we don't want to do, or not to do what we are going to do? That's what I call swindling the public, to practice on that principle. What you want is something to make you feel better, and steady your nerves in the morning and quiet your stomach and brace you up till dinner-time, when you're all right again. My medicine won't interfere with your diet. That's what I call scientific practice. It's all one disease. What's wanted is *something to operate on the mind.*"

With that the doctor came to the last one, a pitiable object, who sat with eyes cast down and fingers nervously playing. It was a wreck—a wreck deserted, vacant, hopeless, but still floating about, tossed on the waves of dissipation, and drawn hither and thither in the eddying currents of vice. It was a phantom of a man. The only semblance of reality it possessed was the reality of wretchedness.

"Good God!" said Dr. Specific, in a reverent tone, with pity, "*what a mercy it is when wrecks go to the bottom!*"

"Doctor," said the wreck, "you're right. Yours is the scientific practice. We don't want to know what is the matter with us. We want something to take. Don't ask me any questions. Don't give me any advice. I can't stop. I must go on, but I want something to oil the wheels. Will your medicine do me any good?"

"My friend," said the doctor, "I won't deceive you. I have never tried it in so extreme a case as yours; but, you see, it's all one disease, and what is good for every body must be good for you. This I can say, that if my sirup don't save you, nothing will."

As the doctor took the last five-dollar bill, he asked the gentlemen each to give him a little certificate of the success with which he had treated their cases. The clergyman immediately arose. "My friends," said he, addressing them, "I think it is due to Dr. Specific that we should give him our certificates before we go. It is true that we have not tried his medicine yet, but we have taken his advice and understand his system; and it is my practice to give a letter of recommendation whenever I get an opportunity. If the doctor will write now, we will each tell him what to say."

"Certainly," said the toothless old farmer. "I can say that the doctor's advice has saved me a great deal of suffering and expense."

"For me," said the overworked man of business, "write that Dr. Specific has enabled me to go on with my business as usual, when other physicians had given me up unless I stopped work, and that I consider he has saved me thousands of dollars."

"For me," said the starved student, "say that I have received from Dr. Specific kind attentions such as no other physician ever gave me."

"For me," said the overfed teacher, "write that, being of a sedentary and studious habit, I have suffered a great deal from dyspepsia, but consider the doctor's sirup exactly suited to my case, and shall continue to take it as long as I feel the need of it. Date it, if you please, at the Classical Institute."

"For me," said the nervous clergyman, "write that I believe Dr. Specific to be a physician who not only thoroughly understands the ills which flesh is heir to, but enters into the feelings of his patients, and treats them intelligently upon a beautiful scientific and moral theory."

"For me," said the wine-bibbing merchant, "write that I have tried many physicians, but they never understood my case; that Dr. Specific understood it perfectly, and that his medicine does not interfere in the least with my diet or habits."

"For me," said forlorn wreck, "write that I had suffered terribly from dyspepsia, headache, particular debility, and blue-devils—every kind of unutterable torments—and never found any thing or any body to relieve me until I came to Dr. Specific and procured a bottle of his sirup."

"There," said the clergyman; "now we've done our duty by the doctor, and I dare say our certificates are quite as good as any he has got, and yet we have none of us said what isn't true enough. Doctor," added he, "those certificates will be published in the daily papers?"

"Certainly."

"And you will put my name in capitals?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you. I always look for it in such cases."

So the seven men, bearing seven bottles of Sovereign Sirup in one hand, and seven of Dr. Specific's Medical Almanacs in the other, marched down stairs and filed into the street, while the doctor arranged his new certificates in a flaming advertisement, which may be found in most of the papers of the day.

IN THE HAMMOCK.

OH, blessed sense of laziness,
  Of idlest idleness,
As here beneath the maple-trees
I gently rock and take my ease
  'Neath Zephyr's soft caress!

Soothed by the rustling, murmuring leaves,
  My drowsy eyes scarce see
The fleecy clouds which far above
Spread their white wings like many a dove
  That bringeth peace to me.

What care I that the very birds
  Reprove my idle hour,
Or that the bees hum their disdain
At sight of one who long hath lain
  In idleness' sweet power?

It is enough that my glad heart
  O'erflows with pure content;
If with the world I seem at peace,
And all sad thoughts within me cease,
  Is not my hour well spent?

So, blessed sense of laziness,
  Of idlest idleness,
I will enjoy thine utmost power,
And yield thee many a drowsy hour,
  'Neath Zephyr's sweet caress.

CUTTLE-FISHES.

To a small volume recently published by Mr. Henry Lee, naturalist of the Brighton Aquarium, England, we are indebted for a great deal of curious information in regard to that branch of the mollusk family known as the *Cephalopoda*, or "head-footed." Stories of the giant calamaries that exist among the wonders of the deep have come down to us through ancient Scandinavian tradition, and the classic authors of Greece and Rome relate wondrous narratives of sea-monsters—tales which had apparently gathered and accumulated marvels by transmission from generation to generation by word of mouth before they were crystallized into enduring shape on parchment. Eric Pontoppidan, Bishop of Bergen, was the collector of many remarkable legends relating to the "great beasts" that live in "the great and wide sea;" Paullinus, naturalist of Eisenach, describes a monstrous animal which occasionally rose from the sea between Lapland and Finmark, and was of such extraordinary dimensions that a regiment of soldiers might manœuvre on its back; and Denys de Montfort depicts a tremendous cuttle-fish which once threw its enormous arms over a three-masted vessel, tearing down the yards, snapping off the masts, and proceeding to drag the ship down to the bottom, which catastrophe was only averted by the prompt action of the crew in cutting off the limbs of the monster with cutlasses and hatchets.

These stories of colossal cuttle-fishes, according to Mr. Lee, though undoubtedly gross exaggerations, are nevertheless founded on fact. They are based on the rare occurrence of specimens—smaller certainly, but still enormous, of some known species. Through study and observation of the rate of increase in size among young cuttle-fishes, naturalists have arrived at the conclusion that not only do they live many years, but they continue to grow until the end of their lives. That some of them, therefore, should attain to considerable size is hardly surprising. In confirmation of this opinion, there is on exhibition at the British Museum, preserved in spirits, the single arm of a huge cephalopod, which, judged by the proportions of known examples, must have been severed from the body of a monster at least forty-eight feet long. Here, then, we have a cuttle-fish which must have once possessed sufficient power to upset a boat, or to drag an unsuspecting sailor from a ship's side, crushing and tearing him in pieces with its snaky arms and horrible beak. In 1874 a calamary was captured in Conception Bay measuring thirty feet in length, and in April of 1875 another specimen, not quite as large, was discovered off Baffin Island, Connemara. These facts, together with other well-attested statements on the part of sailors, seem to establish the existence of cuttle-fishes of great size and strength, and give a show of probability to the least exaggerated of the ancient stories.

The common cuttle-fish, or pigmy relative of the great sea-monsters, though less marvelous, is a curious little creature, and interesting to the student of natural history. Flabby and clammy enough in death, it is nevertheless a lovely object when alive. Poised near the surface of the water, like a hawk in the air, it moves gently about by graceful undulations of its lateral fins, an exquisite play of color occasionally taking place over its beautifully barred and mottled back. When tranquil, its eight pedal arms are usually brought close together, and droop in front of its head, like the trunk of an elephant shortened. Only when some small fish comes in its way is its facility of rapid motion displayed. Then, quickly as a kingfisher darts upon a minnow, it pounces upon its prey. The name of the cuttle-fish, said to be derived from the Saxon *cudele*, signifying to withdraw or hide, from whence we also get our pet word cuddle, signifies the nature of its fatal embrace. The unfortunate victim is crushed and smothered in the soft hold, and the cuttle-fish retires to a recess in the rocks, tearing its prey to pieces with its horny beak, and rending it into the minutest shreds with its jagged tongue. After a hearty meal it will sometimes rest for hours on the bottom, looking very much like a sleepy tortoise. So voracious are these little creatures that in some regions fishermen regard them as rivals. They devour the fishes, or mangle them so that they are unsalable. On the other hand, the cuttle-fish does good service among the cod-fisheries of Newfoundland. The cod-fish looks upon him as a peculiar delicacy, and according to the calculation of Mr. W. E. Cormack, a merchant of Newfoundland, more than a hundred millions of cod are caught annually with cuttle-fish as bait. Thus the cuttle plays a not unimportant part in one of the great industries of Northern Europe.

Although the cuttle-fish has the power to swim in a forward direction by the use of its side fins, its usual mode of progression is to dart backward by forcibly ejecting a stream of water from the funnel-like tube with which it is provided. The force with which the water is expelled is very great, and the cuttle, when startled, generally makes use of his squirting ability for the annoyance of the enemy. The story is told of Tom Hood, who on a fishing excursion captured one of these little creatures. Unaware of its peculiar characteristics, he hastened to lay hold of it. Receiving a small torrent of water full in his face, he remarked that he "didn't exactly know what he had got on his line, but thought he had hooked a young garden engine."

A remarkable organ with which the cuttle is provided is a sac, popularly called the "ink-bag," in which is stored a black secretion, which it is able to employ at will as a protection against its enemies. There is a communication between this ink-bag and the funnel or locomotor tube, so that the black fluid can be ejected in the same rapid rocket-like manner. There is, also, little doubt that the creatures intentionally take aim, and that they do it with the same accuracy and precision as the archer-fish, which, by the ejection of a drop of water from its mouth, brings down a fly from a branch or leaf three or four feet above the water. The Rev. J. G. Wood mentions an incident of a naval officer's white duck trowsers being assaulted by the liquid missile of a cuttle, the aggrieved individual asserting that it took deliberate aim for that purpose.

The following story, told by an old fisherman in the presence of his mates, also illustrates the malignity with which the cuttle will sometimes avenge his wrongs:

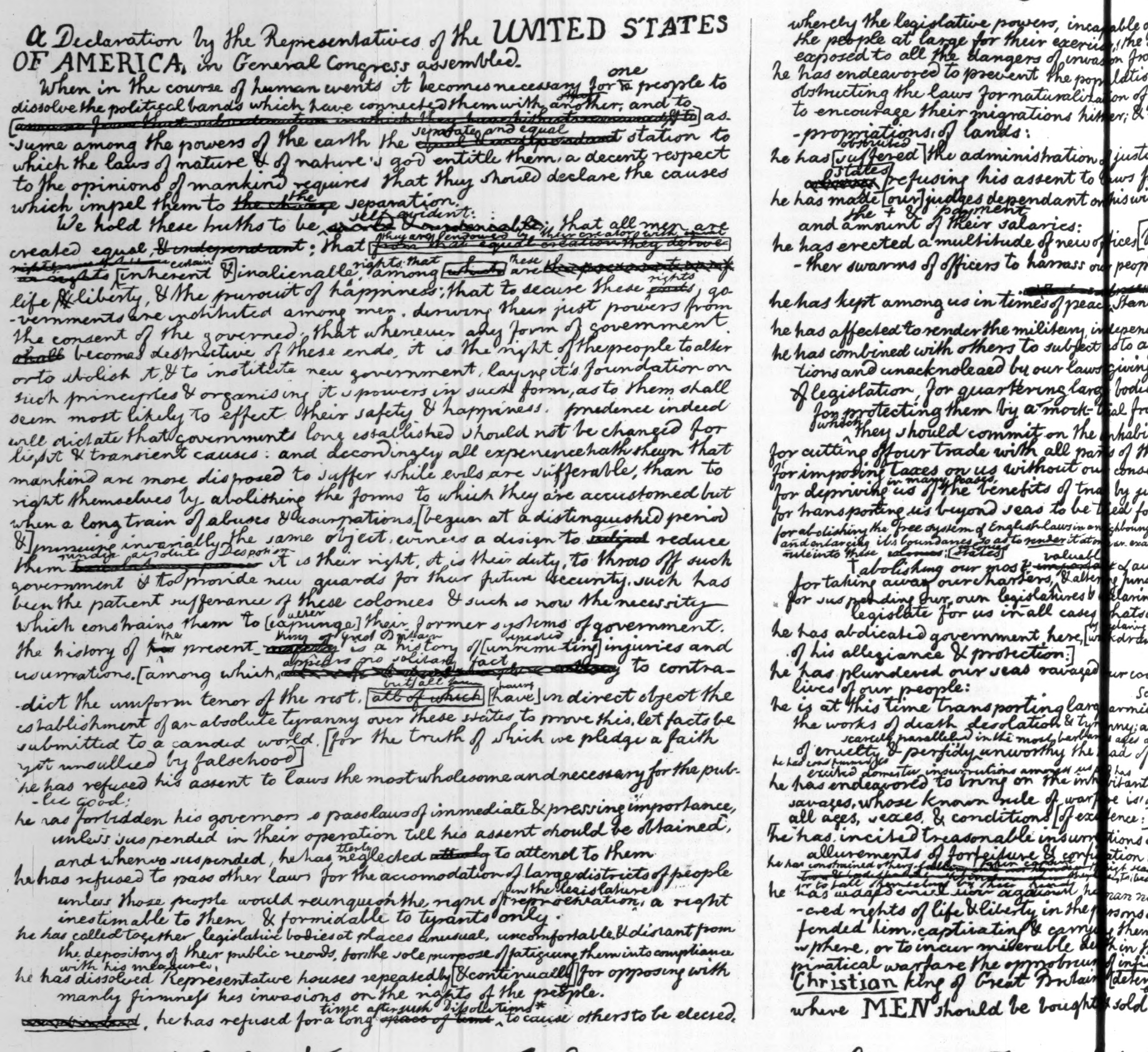
"We was out fishin' one quiet night, and had just got our trawl awash, and was a-goin' to hand it in-board, when Bill, here, all of a sudden lets go his holt, roars out like a stuck pig—'Oh-h-h! What the —— is that?' and tumbles back'ard into an empty fish basket. We hadn't no time to 'tend to him till we'd got our haul on deck, but I guessed what was up; and when we looked round we pretty near split our sides with laughin'. There was Bill a-leanin' back agin the skiff wipin' his eyes to get some muck out of 'em, as he said made 'em smart, and his face for all the world as if Davy Jones had emptied a tar barrel on his head, and he lookin' as doleful as a school-boy as has upset the inkstand over his hands and smeared his face with it in rubbin' the tears away while he was a-cryin' for fear the master'd lick him. Well, it were one o' them scuttles as we're talkin' about as we'd brought up, and they *can* shoot straight and no mistake. It's my opinion as Mr. Scuttle sighted Bill's nose as soon as he come atop of the water and aimed right at it; for you can see as Bill's nose looms as red as Beachy Head Light in a fog, and any scuttle as misses it must be a fool. Bill won't forget that dose of ink for a good while yet—will 'ee, old man?"

Bill was very good-natured, and joined heartily in the laugh elicited by the anecdote.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL D RAUG

DECLARATION OF

In Congress 4th Ju



A Declaration by the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in General Congress assembled.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for ~~a~~ one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to [~~[illegible]~~] assume among the powers of the earth the ~~equal & independant~~ separate and equal station to which the laws of nature & of nature's god entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to ~~the change~~ the separation.

We hold these truths to be ~~sacred & undeniable~~ self-evident; that all men are created equal, ~~& independant~~; that [~~from that equal creation they derive~~] they are endowed by their creator with ~~equal~~ ~~rights some of which are~~ ~~[illegible]~~ certain [inherent &] inalienable rights; that among ~~which~~ these are ~~the preservation of~~ life & liberty, & the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these ~~ends~~ rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government ~~shall~~ becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, & to institute new government, laying it's foundation on such principles & organising it's powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety & happiness. prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light & transient causes: and accordingly all experience hath shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. but when a long train of abuses & usurpations, [begun at a distinguished period &] pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to ~~subject~~ reduce them ~~[illegible]~~ under absolute Despotism it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government & to provide new guards for their future security. such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; & such is now the necessity which constrains them to [expunge] alter their former systems of government. the history of ~~his~~ the present ~~majesty~~ king of Great Britain is a history of [unremitting] repeated injuries and usurpations, [among which ~~[illegible]~~ appears no solitary fact to contradict the uniform tenor of the rest, [~~all of which~~] but all have [have] in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. to prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world, [for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood]

he has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good:

he has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate & pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected ~~utterly~~ to attend to them.

he has refused to pass other laws for the accomodation of large districts of people unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature, a right inestimable to them & formidable to tyrants only.

he has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, & distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

he has dissolved Representative houses repeatedly [& continually] for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

~~[illegible]~~, he has refused for a long ~~space of time~~ time after such dissolutions* to cause others to be elected;

whereby the legislative powers, incapable o

the people at large for their exercis , the

exposed to all the dangers of invasion fro

he has endeavored to prevent the population

obstructing the laws for naturalization of

to encourage their migrations hither; &

-propriations of lands:

he has [suffered] obstructed the administration of justi

~~[illegible]~~ states [refusing his assent to laws f

he has made [our] judges dependant on his wi

and amount the + & payment of their salaries:

he has erected a multitude of new offices [

-ther swarms of officers to harrass our peop

he has kept among us in times of peace ~~[illegible]~~ Stan

he has affected to render the military independ

he has combined with others to subject us to a

-tions and unacknoleged by our laws; givin

of legislation, for quartering large bodi

for protecting them by a mock-trial fro

which they should commit on the inhabi

for cutting off our trade with all parts of th

for imposing taxes on us without our cons

for depriving us in many cases of the benefits of trial by ju

for transporting us beyond seas to be tried fo

for abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighbour

and enlarging it's boundaries so as to render it at once an exa

rule into these ~~colonies~~; [states] colonies

† abolishing our most ~~important~~ valuabl of a

for taking away our charters, & alter ing fun

for suspending our own legislatures & declarin

legislate for us in all cases whats

he has abdicated government here, [w by declaring

of his allegiance & protection:]

he has plundered our seas ravaged our co

lives of our people:

he is at this time transporting large armie

the works of death, desolation & tyranny, a

of cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages a unworthy the head of

he has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has

savages, whose known rule of warfare is

all ages, sexes, & conditions [of existence:

he has incited treasonable insurrections

allurements of forfeiture & confiscation

he has constrained others ~~[illegible]~~

he has waged cruel war against human na

-cred rights of life & liberty in the persons

fended him, captivating & carrying them

-sphere, or to incur miserable death in t

piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infi

Christian king of Great Britain [deter

where MEN should be bought & sold

John Hancock

Fran.s Lewis

Rich.d Stockton

Francis Light

Carter B

Caesar Rod

Wm Whipple

Saml Chase

John Hart

Geo Read

Robt Morris

John Penn

Wm Paca

Samuel

Benjamin Rush

Thos Stone

Geo Ross

Abra Clark

Benj. Franklin

Geo Taylor

Jno Witherspoon

Button Gwinnett

Edward

Joseph Hewes

Wm Floyd

Phil. Livingston

Lyman Hall

Thomas

Wm Hooper

John Morton

James Wilson

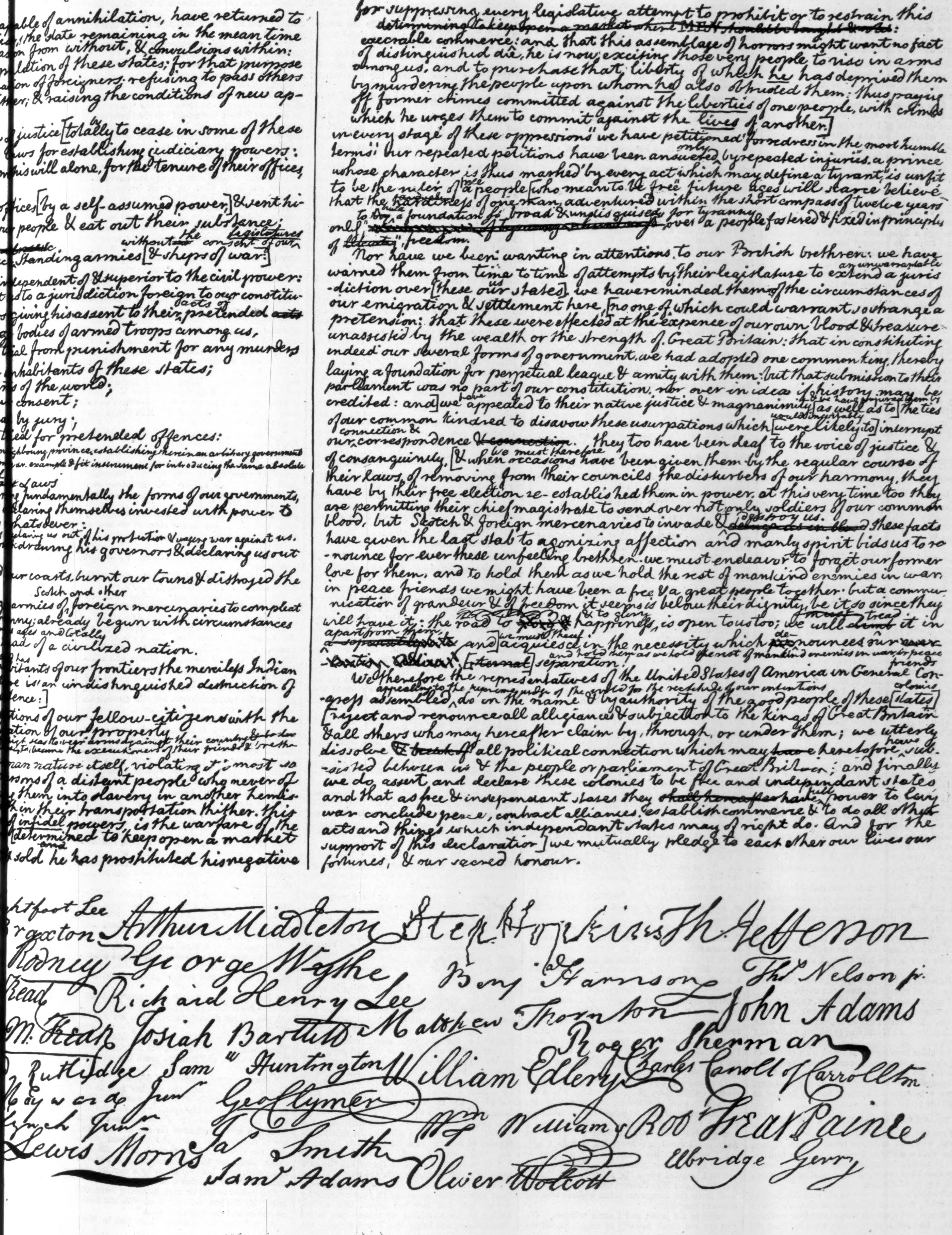
Fras Hopkinson

Geo Walton

DRAUGHT BY JEFFERSON OF THE

F INDEPENDENCE

4th July, 1776.



able of annihilation, have returned to
the state remaining in the mean time
ason from without, & convulsions within:
ulation of these states; for that purpose
ation of foreigners; refusing to pass others
ther; & raising the conditions of new ap-

by
justice [totally to cease in some of these
laws for establishing judiciary powers:
his will alone, for the tenure of their offices,

offices [by a self-assumed power,] & sent hi-
r people & eat out their substance;
without ~~our~~ the consent of our legislatures
~~peace~~
c, Standing armies [& ships of war:]
independent of & superior to the civil power:
ts to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitu-
acts of
giving his assent to their pretended ~~acts~~
bodies of armed troops among us,
ial from punishment for any murders
inhabitants of these states;
s of the world;
consent;
by jury;
ed for pretended offences:
ighbouring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government
an example & fit instrument for introducing the same absolute
of laws
g fundamentally the forms of our governments,
claring themselves invested with power to
hatsoever:
claring us out of his protection & waging war against us.
drawing his governors & declaring us out

ur coasts, burnt our towns & destroyed the
Scotch and other
armies of foreign mercenaries to compleat
nny; already begun with circumstances
ages and totally
ad of a civilized nation.
has
itants of our frontiers the merciless Indian
e is an undistinguished destruction of
ence:]
tions of our fellow-citizens with the
ation of our property
igh seas to bear arms against their country & to be
s, to become the executioners of their friends & brethren
an nature itself, violating it's most sa
sons of a distant people who never of
them into slavery in another hemis-
h in their transportation thither. this
f infidel powers, is the warfare of the
determined to keep open a market
and
sold he has prostituted his negative

for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this
~~determining to keep open a market where MEN should be bought & sold~~:
execrable commerce: and that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact
of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms
among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them
by murdering the people upon whom he also obtruded them: thus paying
off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people, with crimes
which he urges them to commit against the lives of another.]
in every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble
only
terms; our repeated petitions have been answered by repeated injuries. a prince
whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit
free
to be the ruler of a people [who mean to be free. future ages will scarce believe
that the hardiness of one man, adventured within the short compass of twelve years
build
to ~~lay~~ a foundation so broad & undisguised for tyranny
only ~~[illegible]~~ over a people fostered & fixed in principles
of ~~liberty~~ freedom.]
Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. we have
an unwarrantable
warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend a juris
us
-diction over [these our states]. we have reminded them of the circumstances of
our emigration & settlement here, [no one of which could warrant so strange a
pretension: that these were effected at the expence of our own blood & treasure
unassisted by the wealth or the strength of Great Britain: that in constituting
indeed our several forms of government, we had adopted one common king, thereby
laying a foundation for perpetual league & amity with them: but that submission to their
parliament was no part of our constitution, nor ever in idea, if history may be
have & we have conjured them by
credited: and] we appealed to their native justice & magnanimity [as well as to] the ties
would inevitably
of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations which [were likely to] interrupt
connection &
our correspondence ~~& connection~~. they too have been deaf to the voice of justice &
we must therefore
of consanguinity, [& when occasions have been given them by the regular course of
their laws, of removing from their councils the disturbers of our harmony, they
have by their free election re-established them in power. at this very time too they
are permitting their chief magistrate to send over not only soldiers of our common
destroy us.
blood, but Scotch & foreign mercenaries to invade & ~~deluge us in blood~~. these facts
have given the last stab to agonizing affection and manly spirit bids us to re-
-nounce for ever these unfeeling brethren. we must endeavor to forget our former
love for them, and to hold them as we hold the rest of mankind enemies in war,
in peace friends. we might have been a free & a great people together. but a commu-
-nication of grandeur & of freedom it seems is below their dignity. be it so since they
& to glory ~~must~~ tread
will have it: the road to ~~glory &~~ happiness, is open to us too; we will ~~climb~~ it in
apart from them,
we must therefore de-
~~a separate state~~ and] acquiesce in the necessity which ~~pro~~nounces our ~~ever-~~
and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind enemies in war, in peace friends
~~lasting Adieu~~, [~~eternal~~] separation!
We therefore the representatives of the United States of America in General Con-
appealing to the supreme judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions colonies
-gress assembled, do in the name & by authority of the good people of these [states]
[reject and renounce all allegiance & subjection to the kings of Great Britain
& all others who may hereafter claim by, through, or under them; we utterly
have
dissolve ~~& break off~~ all political connection which may ~~have~~ heretofore sub-
-sisted between us & the people or parliament of Great Britain; and finally
we do assert and declare these colonies to be free and independant states
full
and that as free & independant states they ~~shall hereafter have~~ power to levy
war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, & to do all other
acts and things which independant states may of right do. And for the
support of this declaration] we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our
fortunes, & our sacred honour.

htfoot Lee
raxton
Arthur Middleton
Step. Hopkins
Th. Jefferson
Rodney
George Wythe
Benj. Harrison
Thos Nelson jr.
Read
Richard Henry Lee
M. Kean
Josiah Bartlett
Matthew Thornton
John Adams
Roger Sherman
Rutlidge
Saml Huntington
William Ellery
Charles Carroll of Carrollton
eyward Junr
Geo Clymer
ynch Junr
Wm Williams
Robt Treat Paine
Lewis Morris
Jas Smith
Elbridge Gerry
Saml Adams
Oliver Wolcott

THE PEASANT BRIDE.

The sweetest maid in all Lorraine
Has won Lord George's heart,
And noble lips repeat the strain,
"Mine until death us part."
Like Burleigh's ancient lord he came
Adown the country side,
And chose, to share his wealth and fame,
A gentle peasant bride.
And all the first moon of their love
They wander hand in hand,
Where sun and starlight shine above
Lord George's fruitful land.

By silver streams they rest a while
Whose breath the sunlight sips,
While laughing waves fling back the smile
That plays around their lips;
And field and lawn he leads her by,
And through his castle halls,
Where carvings gild the ceilings high,
And velvet drapes the walls;
While softly asks the gentle bride,
"If aught beneath heaven's dome
Can match the royal state and pride
That deck her wedded home?"

But he a wondrous tale can tell
Of lands with fairer skies,
Where wilder rivers roar and swell,
And nobler castles rise.
He brings a folio from the shelf,
And turns the pictured leaves;
His pencil's magic shows itself,
And homage sweet receives;
For his a wandering life has been—
"Ah, how unlike her own!"
He shows her many a pictured scene
Of worlds to her unknown.

Then on his gentle lady's cheek,
That bends so softly near,
No longer rose and lily speak,
But pallor born of fear.
"Through all these lands with cloudless skies,
Why should he come to her?
Were there no lovely woman-eyes
That could his pulses stir?"
And wild with dread the sweet lips part,
"If he again should roam?"
Ah, needless fear! Lord George's heart
Is anchored fast at home.

THE GOVERNOR'S GHOST.

By the Author of "The Calderwood Secret."

I.—ANDREW FORBES, COLLEGIAN.

"I am not afraid to watch for a ghost," said Mary Jane.

"But each one should take a chance," protested Amy Woodville, a maiden of rose and snow tints.

"We can draw lots," hazarded Kate Burnton.

"I have it, girls!" exclaimed Mary Jane. "Come to my room after study hour."

The drawing class thus consulted in the observatory, and, as they talked, a girl glided through the hall below. The light fell on her upturned face in a shaft of amber radiance from the aperture above, but she stood among shadows. A dark face, softly rounded; narrow forehead, framed in such masses of black hair as are found only in the tropics; heavy-lidded eyes, glancing obliquely from veiling lashes—such was the listener, a crimson gown gleaming in rich folds about her. She listened one moment, and then moved away. A second girl advanced on tiptoe and tripped up stairs. With calm audacity, Millicent Hall opened a window and waved her handkerchief.

"What does that mean?" cried the drawing class.

"Andrew Forbes has returned from college with weak eyes. Poor fellow!"

"He is handsome as ever," murmured Amy Woodville, as the object of universal homage drove past with the minister.

That night a log burned on the hearth in the parsonage, the curtains were drawn, and on the walls were framed such pictures of the warm countries as trains of camels crossing the yellow desert sands toward the melting mirage of a fiery horizon. Overhead a withered frond of palm rustled mournfully, like the bleached skeleton of a dead hope.

The boyish beauty of Andrew, still colored and dimpled by youth's soft traces, was strengthened to a life purpose in the uncle's broad massive features, where lines of thought were only redeemed from disappointed cynicism by a genial smile. Men fight hard battles back among the silent hills as well as in crowded cities. The minister was a ripe scholar and an indifferent preacher.

"How will you get through the winter, deprived of the use of eyes?" inquired the uncle.

"I don't know," replied Andrew, vaguely.

He went to the window and drew aside the curtain. The quaint edifice known to local fame as the Governor's House was twinkling with many lights.

The older man's gaze yearned with reverence and almost melancholy toward those inaccessible spheres, the distant stars. The glance of the younger did not rise higher than the seminary, where a parterre of opening flowers seemed to await his preference.

II.—AN OLD HOUSE WITH A HISTORY.

Miss Crane was admiring a new black lace shawl, when an assistant teacher, Miss Palmer, came with a message from the German professor. Returning in ten minutes' time, Miss Crane's lace shawl had vanished. The good lady sat down with a gasp of dismay.

Oleander Seminary was an old mansion built of red brick, with odd little dormer-windows, quaint chimneys, and spacious wings extending on either side. An avenue of venerable elms led from the stone gate to the door, lawns and shrubbery had once been well kept, and there was a small conservatory in the rear, where the oleanders made a pink bloom in their season sufficient to afford Miss Crane a name of unusual elegance for her school. The Governor's portrait hung in the hall—a grand gentleman in plum-colored velvet, wig, and lace ruffles, his hand resting on the shoulder of an Indian boy. He gazed down kindly on the young faces, with a calm, inscrutable smile, as if bidding them solve the mystery of his story if they could. Ah! proud soldier and statesman, petted favorite of court ladies, plucking the boon of a little authority in the whim of accepting office in the New World, where did you pass your waning years, and who pillowed the dying head? All that was known of his story was this: the Governor had wearied of ruling, had sought these mountains, and the red house grew to a stately height, watched by the "children of the leaves" from sheltering wigwams. Rumor affirmed that there was a hereditary craze in his blood, and added that a beautiful lady had died suddenly in the old country. Here he dwelt for years, with faithful servants, and charmed the Indians by a subtle power of attraction. Afterward he disappeared. Pioneer mothers told the tale beside the winter fire. Conjecture decided that he had gone away with the Indians and become a chief.

The red house stood mute, the old servants died, the heirs did not visit it, and as the weeds grew about it like weird unwholesome influences, and the dust gathered to the film of palpable garments, the place became haunted to the village just born at its feet.

In the prosaic present Miss Crane bought the property, opened the windows, routed bats and weeds, and advertised Oleander Seminary for young ladies.

Alas! the very aristocracy of spirits seemed determined to avenge solitude and overwhelm her effort. A tiny rill of gossip had already spread to a river of talk throughout the country. The fact could no longer be concealed that lights gleamed and vanished, sudden raps sounded on doors, sighing intonations like the moaning wind were heard, and a prolonged sound awoke the dull echoes of the garret as the reverberations of thunder roll along the sky. Horror in its most blood-curdling form was suggested by this summons to shivering wakefulness. It may be safely said that every separate hair stood on end with fear on the respective heads of seventy-five girls and a corps of teachers when the walls shook with this wave of slowly approaching and receding vibration. Miss Crane sat helpless and stupefied. What would be the end?

III.—A PRINCESS AND HER JAILER.

Miss Palmer was sent on an errand. She would have enjoyed the walk had not a sigh of regret welled up from her heart with the reflection that she had no other time to study her German lesson. The young teacher, gifted with one of those minds which assimilate all knowledge through the medium of a poetic fancy, was in much the position of a thirsty soul who is bidden to drink at a tempting fountain, but has to minister to the need of others first.

She was scarcely astonished, at this period of general excitement, when a bend of the road brought her close to the girl in the crimson gown, talking with a stranger whose sallow complexion, broad cavalier hat, and picturesque cloak marked him as a foreigner. Here was an escape from the cage indeed! Both conversed in a rapid, unknown tongue, with many animated gestures of the supple wrists and fingers which do not belong to our race, and a thin wreath of smoke curled from the cigarettes in the stranger's mouth and held between the red lips of the girl.

A thrill of dismay swept over the spectator at thus beholding one of the Oleander flock smoking on the public highway!

The cavalier turned on his heel with a muttered word of farewell. The girl confronted Miss Palmer, her features quivering with passion.

"My cousin Antonio have arrive. Are you going to tell?"

"Yes," very quietly and firmly.

"Always the same! Ah! I will be victor yet."

"It is my duty, Annunciata."

The culprit snapped her brown fingers in the air. "You have much to say about duty here," was her contemptuous rejoinder. "Tell of me, and you must be sorry."

"I am not afraid of you," said the young teacher, steadily, and they turned back toward the school.

The minister came riding along the road. Miss Palmer flushed slightly as he bowed. Annunciata Josafina Gomersalez was an extraordinary figure to be met in the early morning back among the hills. Her crimson gown trailed behind her with a serpentine motion, and great coils of gold encircled her olive-tinted throat and wrists. The Puritan neatness and simplicity of her companion's attire was more in harmony with the scene.

"A pomegranate blossom and a shy wood-anemone," the minister decided mentally; and then, as his eyes encountered the clear calm gaze of Miss Palmer, the thoughts of each reverted to a day of the previous summer when they had met under very unusual circumstances.

The minister was making his way through a thicket on the slope above the school, where the cascade drowned approaching footsteps in its own tumultuous music, and he beheld the teacher, Miss Palmer, suspended over the water by that strong and playful young person from Chili, Señorita Annunciata Josafina Gomersalez, then in a towering rage with her guardian for refusing to gather her a vine of poison ivy. The wild creature had laughed when the minister had sternly interfered, and Miss Palmer, white as death, drew back from the dangerous brink without uttering outward complaint.

"She is my jailer, and I am a princess. Oh, you can not break her will by fright, for all she be so quiet! No, no; she is steel. I hate you all here!"

It was vacation; Miss Crane was recruiting her strength elsewhere, the young teacher had no home to visit, and the princess from distant South America, where her father was supposed to own a diamond mine, had been left in her charge.

The minister, shocked and alarmed, had written to Miss Crane. The two girls had gone home silently, until the pupil remarked, "If I could kill you, would you be afraid of me?"

"I think not. Some forms of life are worse than death," said the teacher, in a dejected tone, and her eyes filled with sudden tears.

To the savage nature, placing an object beyond reach inspires respect. Annunciata took one of the big yellow diamonds from her finger and thrust it upon her jailer.

"You seem to forget that I am a lady," said Miss Palmer, repulsing the gift.

All this had occurred on the warm July day when Hilldale was in the hay field. Miss Crane had compromised by taking the princess to a watering-place, and she had not expelled her. If the whole truth must be told, the swarthy papa, supposed owner of the diamond mine, paid munificently for the tuition of his daughter, only stipulating that her letters should be watched.

"My cousin Antonio he see Miss Crane. He means no harm. Tell of me if you dare!" said Annunciata, when they reached the school once more.

Miss Palmer did not reply, and immediately reported Miss Gomersalez outside the boundary hedge in school hours, talking with a gentleman.

Cousin Antonio presented himself before Miss Crane with an aspect of respectful homage which quite flurried the lady. He had already aroused the liveliest curiosity in the village by his advent, the hue of his complexion, and the length of his mustaches. The propriety of the cousins was admirable; each sat stiffly on the edge of a chair in the presence of the beaming principal, and conversed in difficult English.

Before night a fresh wave of disturbance broke over Oleander Seminary, and shook the venerable edifice to its foundations. A note was discovered on Miss Crane's table, addressed in a handwriting startlingly like the minister's, if not his own, containing these words: "*Miss Palmer is a thief, and stolen trinkets are now in her possession.*"

O sombre October shadows lengthening from the base of the gray hills, and in the dull cold sky promise of an approaching storm! Gone the glory of golden day, when the drawing class formed evanescent resolutions in the observatory; quenched the joyous promise of the sun's very presence, with Señor Antonio haunting the village tavern, and more than one pair of eyes in the parsonage turned thoughtfully toward the old red house on the hill.

IV.—A PRISONER AT THE BAR.

Helen Palmer, assistant teacher and pupil, passed through three distinct phases of suffering when the eyes of all her companions turned on her with astonishment and shadowing distrust, for the unseen foe took care that the intelligence of her guilt should spread beyond the note on prudent Miss Crane's desk, and bits of paper containing the same statement were showered about the school, on the threshold, in desks, between the leaves of books, and in rooms. In the first place she was simply bewildered and stupefied; she was the victim of a cruel hoax, a school-girl prank. A knot of girls in the hall were reading a sheet discovered in Mary Jane's pocket; Miss Palmer took it from them with trembling fingers, although she spoke bravely.

"This is carrying jesting too far. Miss Crane will see to it immediately."

The girls separated before her in silence, and the blood mounted to her cheek as she sought her principal, with the conviction that all those busy tongues would resume the discussion of herself when she was beyond hearing. Thus bewilderment merged into pain before she reached the principal's parlor, and the swelling throb of her own heart seemed to demand of all the world, "Why am I set apart to bear indignity, shame, and humiliation above others because I am poor?"

Entering the parlor with her own warrant in her hand, as it were, she became acutely aware that here she was also the subject of conversation between Miss Crane and the housekeeper.

"I should as soon think of being suspected myself," said the former, excitedly.

"You can never tell," responded the housekeeper, dryly.

"It ain't likely, of course. Hush!"

"I know every thing," murmured Miss Palmer, with parched lips, the gravity of the situation dawning on her in the housekeeper's tame defense.

She felt the shock of this defection in every fibre of her organization with wonder and alarm, all the more keenly because she had nursed the housekeeper through illness the previous winter. Now the sparse pale woman looked at her askance, doubtful of her integrity. Miss Crane hastened to re-assure her with kindness and delicacy. Malice must ever poison the anonymous arrow, she reasoned, and the author of the writing should be severely punished. Possibly the matter would have been adjusted had not Miss Palmer been moved by the expression of the housekeeper's face, which, despite the owner's effort to render it utterly blank, suggested a sour distrust in humanity. On so slight a thing as the fleeting reflection of a mean soul did the whole future of the young teacher depend.

"To exonerate me before the school, the case must be investigated, however absurd the charge might have seemed an hour ago. I have only been absent from the house on your errands for weeks, and you saw me depart and return. Oblige me by searching my possessions, in my own defense, and bring Mrs. Tompkins as a witness." She spoke with dignity and a decision that admitted of no denial, although Mrs. Tompkins protested while yielding. In pathetic silence she opened every receptacle containing her slender wardrobe.

"That is all. Some silly game," said Miss Crane, with a sigh of relief.

"Not all," replied Miss Palmer. "My trunk remains."

She took her key from the chain and raised the lid. Lo! there lay the black lace shawl, and a quantity of other articles missing for many weeks previous!

Helen paled, shrank, and covering her eyes with her hands, burst into hysterical sobs.

"I am a thief!" she cried, with the energy of despair. "I can never recover from this—never."

The housekeeper crept away, and simultaneously with her retreat the wildest fables floated about Oleander Seminary, and spread to the village beyond. Miss Palmer was a thief; she had been discovered actually wearing Miss Crane's clothes—improvements on the original story not to be marveled at among children, when rumor embellishes truth to such alarming extent among their elders in all circles of society. The principal felt her own presence of mind desert her in the emergency; she was dumb when the trunk disclosed its treasures. Nobody knew what transpired in the small chamber during the ensuing three hours.

Helen Palmer thought in the crisis of agony that God had forgotten her. In vain Miss Crane attempted to soothe and encourage her, until a puzzled sense of failure yielded to vague alarm. Why did this quiet girl rail at fate and call herself a thief? Wounded pride and outraged justice might, indeed, bring distress and tears, while these demonstrations of grief bordered on frenzy. Would discovery, remorse for guilt, or innocence wrongfully accused produce this emotion? The elder woman did not understand that the whole structure of a noble endurance had given way at last, that the sensitive instrument confided to her own harshly exacting hand was strung to the intense tension productive of discord. The final stroke of the anonymous stab completed a work long before begun. Helen rocked herself like an old woman, wept distractedly, went mad, and felt that God had forsaken her. Restoration to reason was sharp and complete. Miss Crane laid her hand on her shoulder.

"My dear, if you have really been tempted to sin, I am still your friend, remember."

The sobs died away, the tears froze at their source, a strange sense of desolation chilled the convulsed form, stilling every feverish, bounding pulse, and she rose to her feet. In silence she went to the window. The rain was descending steadily, a dreary blank of mist veiled the mountains, the shrubbery was disheveled by the rude wind, and the yellow leaves strewed the paths. When she spoke, her voice had regained its usual quiet tone.

"I should like to see the minister, if I am not a prisoner."

"How can you be so foolish, my dear. Well, I will take you to him, if you wish it."

The slender fingers of the right hand went up to the white throat as if to control rising emotion

"I would rather go alone. Tell him—first."

Andrew Forbes, collegian, made himself, later, the bearer of a note from his uncle to Miss Crane. Andrew waited meekly in the hall, listening to the jangle of discordant pianos, and wishing pretty Amy would appear, some direful mishap having checked an exchange of letters and nosegays which had been previously carried on between the young lady and himself through an improvised post-office in the hollow of the apple-tree. A voice whispered,

"Twelve o'clock to-morrow night in the butler's pantry." The injured eyes of the collegian danced with fun; he went to the staircase and gazed up eagerly. He saw the flutter of a vanishing robe above, and a knot of blue ribbons fell at his feet. Amy wore blue ribbons. He placed the knot in his breast pocket.

In the study the poor young teacher had passed from abashed humility to tremulous confidence, gathered from the minister's eloquent if silent sympathy, and had told him simply the story of her sad life. There were blue shadows beneath the lustrous eyes, delicate veins were traced in the white temples, and mournful curves about the quivering lips as the pure soul revealed itself to the quiet listener.

The rain had ceased softly and imperceptibly; beyond the stretch of gray sky the shrouded sunset laid a bar of gold on the horizon. Both had risen; the minister took his visitor's hand and kissed it respectfully.

"Do you believe in me?" she whispered, searching the grave face wistfully. She could not resist the impulse, it was so natural, after all the pain, to turn to this strong, good man for support.

"The question is surely an unnecessary one. Forgive me if I take a selfish advantage of it. I ask you, Helen Palmer, to believe in me and be my wife."

"No, no," she said, hurriedly, shrinking back. "Even your noble confidence can not clear me of this petty stain, and it is too much like compassion."

"Then show me compassion, dear one," retorted the minister, gently turning her face to the light, while the smile on his lips was half belied by the moisture in his eyes. "Do you see my palm branch overhead? From this day it will possess a new significance for me, as reminding me of the celestial hosts who bear these palms with the victory; 'these through great affliction came,' and I see the reflection of their triumph shadowed forth here on earth by a slender girl, endowed with the patience of a heroic soul."

She looked at him through gathering tears, and said, "My life has had only to do with the meanest duties and the humblest aims."

At bed-time the drawing class met in Mary

Jane's room, after delays which resembled cowardice. Amy Woodville assumed a false gayety.

"The stolen articles have been found, yet the noises continue," said the hostess. "Of course ghosts are absurd. What fun it would be to discover the true cause of the mischief!"

Her companions agreed faintly that it would be very good fun, and no one was afraid, as the watcher could linger within reach of help. The strips of paper, placed between the covers of a dictionary, were drawn—one, two, three. Amy Woodville held the fatal prize.

A tap on the door, and Miss Crane's voice: "Young ladies, are you awake at this hour?"

The guests crept under the table and into the closet. Mary Jane stumbled to the door, when Miss Crane dropped the candle, with a faint shriek, and fled along the hall to her own room.

Standing before Mary Jane's door, with the feeble rays of the candle shed around, the apparition which met the teacher's gaze might well have startled the strongest nerves. Shade of departed Governor, did you indeed hover there, without sound or motion, all framed in darkness—a misty form resting lightly on the ground, veiled beyond recognition, and with a face of unearthly pallor peering forth from hooded drapery to gaze on mortals with spectral eyes?

V.—THE GOVERNOR REVEALS HIMSELF.

Andrew Forbes went up the hill on the stroke of twelve. A shadow seemed to move back from the projecting balcony as he approached; the door yielded to his touch; he found himself in a stone passage, when a thin sinewy hand suddenly propelled him forward, a bolt slid, and he was a prisoner.

"Wait!" said a distant voice, menacingly, and then all was still.

Darkness every where, shrouding the corridors from end to end, lurking in corners, and only the voice of the tall clock on the stair, relic of the Governor's time, heard announcing the hour of midnight. Amy Woodville, re-assured by those companions who had not drawn the prize, and ashamed of fear, listened to her own heart throbs, to the sighing of the wind, to the merry dance of riotous mice in the wainscot. She had been decked by her cheerful mates in a long waterproof cloak. How heartily she wished that she had refused to take this vigil, as she became each moment colder and more frightened by her own loneliness! She sat down on the stairs to rest. Something brushed past her cheek, and she slid into a convenient nook, palpitating with fear and curiosity.

A singular creaking noise now became audible at the other end of the hall, and simultaneously a second sound struck her ear in the opposite direction, chilling her very blood. Rustling garments drew near. Amy paused, not daring to move, the scream of alarm, which was to have been the signal, frozen on her lips. At this moment the moon pierced the drifting cloud and disclosed a white form, also revealing Amy drawn up rigidly against the wall. The ghost made a diving movement toward her, and a warm living hand drew her down to a crouching attitude.

"Who is it? Do you see?" whispered a muffled voice.

A figure glided along the hall beyond them.

"I have had such a fright," confessed the ghost, confidentially. "Do you suppose there are two ghosts, or is the other a *real* ghost, while I am only a sham one?"

Amy recognized Millicent Hall, and became as brave as a lion. Then the ghost and the private watchman went down stairs, inspired by a mutual desire to trace the solitary figure to its destination. The figure disappeared in the direction of the basement, and passed out of a window in the dining-room. Nothing daunted, the others followed.

"Millicent, I thought that I heard a man's voice calling, 'Let me out.' Where has *it* gone?" said Amy.

"Into the laundry."

"Do you dare to follow?" faltered Amy.

"Two of us? Yes; come along." And they went.

In the laundry—a detached building furnished with tubs, boilers, and a mangle—the figure knelt before a stove, feeding a flickering glow with a bundle of silks and muslin. Then she seated herself on a stool, drew the candle nearer, and began to destroy more delicate articles, with the aid of a silver-mounted poniard and the consuming flame. Ribbons and fringe became mere heaps of rainbow-tinted dust about her, flowers and lace were held in the candle in the sheer delight of destruction. This was the girl Annunciata, exercising a low cunning to escape detection in the desire to possess all bright finery pleasing to her barbaric fancy.

"That's my embroidered handkerchief," groaned the ghost.

Annunciata turned, and recognizing the intruders, rushed past them like the wind, barring the door outside.

"Don't be afraid," said the courageous ghost. "Climb on the ironing table out of the way of possible rats. She will not come back to scalp us, I suspect. What a girl! I will tell you how I have played the rôle of Governor's ghost. My get-up is very fine; I am not only wrapped in a sheet, but I have a white barége over dress to float out like wings, you know. It is a great deal of work, and does not pay in the end. I must powder my face and hands, and wander about without shoes. I made the dreadful rappings with a hair-brush and an umbrella, and the rumbling in the garret was caused by two nine-pin balls rolled along the floor. You should have seen Miss Crane run!"

In the morning Annunciata Gomersalez, Millicent Hall, and Amy Woodville were missing. The first pupil had snapped her fingers at Oleander Seminary, and eloped with Cousin Antonio—a catastrophe swarthy papa in Chili had striven to avert by sending his only child to a distant school. She left a note, the irony of which could not be attributed to faulty English, and exonerated Miss Palmer by confessing to having "paid a grudge" by placing stolen articles in her trunk.

What need to tell how slumber had descended on three young people—Andrew Forbes in a closet, with his head reposing on a reversed milk-pan, a victim of Annunciata's inconsequent malice in the first place, and of Cousin Antonio's caution in the second, or the prisoners in the laundry discovered perched on the table, ghostly draperies hanging limp in the sunlight, and Millicent's pallid face pillowed on Amy's golden hair? The cook declared that Endymion asleep in the closet "gave her a turn" when she came for potatoes, yet she not only dusted the young gentleman, but took a message to Amy Woodville, which resulted in the appearance of the diamond ring on her finger.

Before another dawn the snow came noiselessly, effacing the tarnished beauty of the waning year, and Helen Palmer looked forth on a new world.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By JOHN SINCLAIR.

I OFTEN met Sir Walter Scott at private parties, and also at the Royal Society's Club, of which he was for some time president, while I resided at Edinburgh. It appeared to me that, although he told stories inimitably well, he was not so great an acquisition in general society as might have been expected; for when he finished a story few had the courage to begin another—hardly any one would have been listened to; and thus he often had no alternative but either to let the conversation drop, or relate a second story, and a third, throughout the evening. I was sometimes reminded of the discouraging speech addressed by a German to his next neighbor, when Dr. Johnson was one of the company: "Wait a moment, Sir; I think that Dr. Johnson is about to speak."

My sister Catherine saw Sir Walter to much greater advantage than I did. She was on terms of intimacy with Lady Scott, as well as with her daughters, Anne Scott and Mrs. Lockhart, and frequently paid long visits to the family, both when they were alone and when they had company at Abbotsford. She often expressed astonishment that Sir Walter, amidst his numerous occupations as a country gentleman, should find time for authorship. His farm, his garden, and his plantations, which he spent hours in pruning and cutting down; his meals, which he always prolonged with pleasant conversation; and his newspapers and periodicals, etc.—for he was always well acquainted with the topics of the day—seemed scarcely to leave him any interval for literary labor. "But," says my sister, "he wrote fast, and could compose a chapter while cutting down a tree."

Lady Scott, knowing well what was thought of her husband's works, sometimes ventured to speak of them in disparaging terms. She would say, "If I want an evening dress, or an ornament for my drawing-room, I have only to make Walter write some of his nonsense; and I can then order it at once."

I can only give a few specimens of Sir Walter's table-talk:

"While I was traveling in the London mail with my friend John Clerk, of Eldin, a clever bagman got in, and gave us some exceedingly humorous accounts of his adventures. Clerk became jealous of him, and tried to outshine him, but made nothing of it. At last, in desperation, he told his best story, but the bagman trumped it. In this extremity Clerk determined to get out at York, which was the next stage. I had my choice: I thought the bagman was the better companion of the two; so I went on with the mail."

"The Prince Regent asked Dr. Gregory what was the longest *sederunt* after dinner that he had ever heard of on credible authority. The doctor said, 'The longest I know of is that of a learned Scottish judge, Lord Newton. A gentleman called at his house in York Place, Edinburgh, at a late hour, and was informed that his lordship was at dinner. Next day the same gentleman called at an early hour, and being again informed that the judge was at dinner, expressed surprise that the dinner of that day should be so much earlier than the dinner of the day before. 'It is the very same dinner,' replied the servant; 'his lordship has not yet risen from table.'"

When Mr. Lockhart was appointed editor of the *Quarterly*, Sir Walter, while rejoicing at his promotion, keenly felt the loss which the family circle would sustain; and could not make up his mind whether to accept congratulations or condolences. Mr. Lockhart's friends resolved to give him a farewell banquet. Sir Walter was present, and on his health being proposed, rose with some emotion to return thanks. After a few commonplaces, he proceeded: "I intend on this occasion, as on many others, to escape from a difficulty by relating a story. A Highland chief being informed that one of his neighbors had lost his wife, sent for his clerk, and began to dictate a letter suitable to the melancholy event. The chief walked up and down the room, and the clerk repeated his words in an under-tone. The chief began, 'My dear Sir;' the clerk repeated, 'My dear Sir;' 'I beg leave;' 'I beg leave;' 'to congratulate you;' 'to congratulate you;' 'on the death of your beloved wife.' Here the clerk interrupted him: 'Sir, since she was a *beloved* wife, would not the proper word be *condole* rather than *congratulate?*' The chief took several turns, muttering to himself, 'Congratulate,' 'condole;' 'condole,' 'congratulate;' and then concluded, 'they are synonymous terms; leave the words as I have given them.'" Sir Walter then concluded, "Gentlemen, in my present divided state of feeling, I have been running over the changes of condole, congratulate—congratulate, condole—till I am as much perplexed as the Highland chief himself, and have no resource but to pronounce them synonymous terms."

Miss Baillie, the author, on a visit at Abbotsford, expressed a wish to see Melrose Abbey by moonlight, and thus realize the admirable poetic description with which she was familiar. Sir Walter ordered the carriage, and, handing her into it, said, "When you return from the abbey, you will have the advantage over me; for although I have often seen Melrose, I have never seen it by moonlight."

When George IV. had reached Leith Roads on his way to Edinburgh, I met Sir Walter Scott hobbling along George Street. I mentioned some absurd things, which, to my great annoyance, it was reported that our fellow-townsmen were about to do in honor of the royal visit. "There is one good thing," replied Sir Walter, "which you must not forget: the king is coming suddenly upon us, and thus we shall be saved from premeditated absurdities."

The late Lord Marjoribanks informed me that, many years ago, Sir Walter and he accompanied the Commissioners for the Northern Lighthouses in one of their annual voyages of inspection. They landed on the Bell Rock, ten miles out at sea, on the coast of Fife, and heard from the keeper many interesting particulars of its construction, and of the fearful storms it had encountered. When Sir Walter was about to re-embark, the keeper suddenly requested a specimen of his handwriting. The poet took up his pen, looked up for a moment, and then wrote as follows:

"Far on the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild rocks my watch I keep:
A ruddy gem of changeful light
Borne on the bosom of the night:
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to furl a tim'rous sail."

The party afterward visited the light-houses in the Orkney and Shetland Isles, and the result was—*The Pirate.*

Before Sir Walter acknowledged himself to be author of the Waverley Novels, my sister Catherine said to him, "If you will tell me which of these novels you prefer, I shall tell you, in return, which of them has the preference given to it by a very good authority—Miss Edgeworth." Sir Walter agreed to the bargain, and she told him that her brother had put the question to Miss Edgeworth, who replied, "There is a freshness and originality about the first novel which, in my opinion, give it a decided superiority over all the rest." "Well, Miss Sinclair," said Sir Walter, "I for my part enjoyed the *Antiquary* more than any other. There are touches of pathos in it which much affected me; and I had many a hearty laugh at the expense of the Antiquary himself." "Yes," rejoined my sister, "the author of these novels, whoever he may be, is always laughing at somebody; and in the case of the Antiquary, the person he is laughing at is evidently himself."

I shall only add to this sketch two anecdotes of Sir Walter, related to me in 1838, by one of his most intimate friends, Mr. Guthrie Wright. "Sir Walter and I," he said, "spent a few days together at Dumfries, when he was preparing to publish *Marmion.* He offered to read the first cantos aloud—a proposal to which, of course, I readily assented. When he had finished, I congratulated him on his performance, but added that I had two objections to make. In the first place, he had brought Marmion to Edinburgh, by a road which had no existence. 'Oh,' replied Sir Walter, 'Marmion was coming to Edinburgh; and it was for him, not for me, to find a road.' 'But,' said I, 'my other objection is that if you had brought him along the coast, you might have taken him to Tantallon Castle, the grand stronghold of Archibald Bell-the-Cat.' 'There is something in that,' replied Sir Walter, and immediately began to ask a multiplicity of questions about Tantallon. I was familiar with it," continued Mr. Wright, "and he made me describe to him the broad plateau on which it stands—the cliffs, several hundred feet high, projecting on three sides far into the sea; the lofty massive walls, the moat, the drawbridge, the remains of a donjon, to defend it from the land side, and even the very weeds that grew among the ruins. When he had completed his cross-examination, he continued, 'Well, Mr. Wright, Marmion went to Edinburgh without seeing Tantallon; but he shall not return without paying his respects in due form to Archibald Bell-the-Cat.'"

The following noble description of Tantallon in *Marmion* was the result of that conversation:

"But scant three miles the band had rode,
  When o'er a height they passed,
And sudden, close before them showed
  His towers, Tantallon vast;
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows;
The fourth did battled walls inclose,
  And double mound and fosse.
By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates, and entrance long,
  To the main court they cross.
It was a wide and stately square,
Around were lodgings fit and fair,
  And towers of various form,
Which on the court projected far,
And broke its lines quadrangular.
Here was square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the warder could descry
  The gathering ocean storm."[*]

The other anecdote which Mr. Guthrie Wright related to me is still more characteristic. "I called one day," he said, "at the Edinburgh post-office, and began to read in the lobby a letter from Lady Abercorn, in which she gave an answer to some arguments I had stated to her in proof that Sir Walter was the author of *Waverley.* While thus employed I stumbled on Sir Walter himself. He immediately inquired about whom I was reading so busily. 'About *you,*' I replied, and put the letter into his hand. I soon observed him blush as red as scarlet, and recollected that Lady Abercorn in her letter had said, 'I am quite sure you are wrong, for Sir Walter Scott declared to me upon his honor that he was not the author of *Waverley.*' On reading this, Sir Walter exclaimed, 'I'm sure I never said so. I never pledged my honor. She is quite mistaken.' Then, perceiving that he had thus betrayed himself, he stammered out some unintelligible sentence, and then continued, 'Well, Mr. Wright, it is a very curious question, who can be the author of these novels. Suppose we take a walk round the Calton Hill, and lay our heads together to find him out.' We proceeded arm in arm, and I said, 'I think that we can soon so completely hedge in the author that he can not escape us.' 'Well, then,' said Sir Walter, 'how would you hedge him in?' I replied, 'You will agree with me that the author of *Waverley,* whoever he may be, must be a lawyer?' 'True, it is evident he must be a lawyer.' 'You will also admit that he must be an antiquary?' 'No doubt, he must be an antiquary.' 'He must also be of Jacobite connections?' 'Certainly, he must have Jacobite propensities.' 'He must also have a strong turn for poetry?' 'Yes, he must be something of a poet.' I next assigned some reasons why he must be rather more than forty years of age, and then added, 'Now, among our friends in the Parliament House, let us consider how many there are who, besides being lawyers, poets, antiquaries, and of Jacobite connections, are rather more than forty years of age.' 'Well,' says Sir Walter, 'what do you think of Cranstoun?' I gave reasons for setting aside Lord Cranstoun's pretensions, adverting particularly to his want of humor; and then Sir Walter, seeing that he himself must inevitably come next, unloosed his arm, and said, 'Mr. Wright, the author of *Waverley,* whoever he may be, gets people to buy his books without a name; and he would be a greater fool than I think he is, were he to give a name. Good-morning.'"

VENTRILOQUISM.

PERHAPS the most familiar of mysterious sounds are those produced by the ventriloquist; familiar, because almost every country fair is visited by one or other of these exhibitors; mysterious, because the real source of sound does not correspond with the apparent. It lies within the province of the anatomist or physiologist to explain how it is that some men can speak as if from the stomach instead of the throat, and without any perceptible movement of the lips; but the person who can do this, the ventriloquist, may make himself a most bewildering deceiver of those who listen to him. Our power of determining the exact direction whence a sound comes is less than we usually imagine. It is said that Saville Carey, who could well imitate the whistling of the wind, would sometimes amuse himself by exercising this art in a public coffee-house; some of the guests at once rose to see whether the windows were quite closed, while others would button up their coats, as if cold. Sir David Brewster notices a ventriloquist of exceptional skill, M. St. Gille, who one day entered a church where some monks were lamenting the death of a brother; suddenly they heard a voice as if from over their heads, bewailing the condition of the departed in purgatory, and reproaching them for their want of zeal. Not suspecting the trick, they fell on their faces and chanted the *De Profundis.* A committee appointed by the Académie des Sciences to report on the phenomena of ventriloquism went with M. St. Gille to the house of a lady, to whom they announced that they had come to investigate a case of aerial "spirits" somewhere in the neighborhood. During the interview she heard what she termed "spirit voices" above her head, underneath the floor, and in distant parts of the room, and was with difficulty convinced that the only spirit present was the ventriloquistic voice of M. St. Gille.

Brewster tells of another master of this art, Louis Brabant, valet de chambre to Francis I., whose suit was rejected by the parents of a beautiful and well-dowered girl with whom he was in love. He called on the mother, after the death of the father, again to urge his suit; and while he was present she heard the voice of her deceased husband expressing remorse for having rejected Louis Brabant, and conjuring her to give her immediate consent to the betrothal. Frightened and alarmed, she consented. Brabant, deeming it desirable to behave liberally in the marriage arrangements, but having not much cash at command, resolved to try whether his ventriloquism would be as efficacious with a money-lending banker as it had been with the widow. Calling on the old usurer at Lyons, he managed that the conversation should turn upon the subject of demons, spectres, and purgatory. Suddenly was heard the voice of the usurer's father, complaining of the horrible sufferings he was enduring in purgatory, and saying that there was no way of obtaining alleviation except by the usurer advancing money to the visitor for the sake of ransoming Christians from the hands of the Turks. The usurer was terrified, but too much in love with his gold to yield at once. Brabant went next day, and resumed the conversation, when shortly were heard the voices of a host of dead relations, all telling the same terrible story, and all pointing out the only way of obtaining relief. The usurer could resist no longer; he placed ten thousand crowns in the hands of the unsuspected ventriloquist, who, of course, forgot to pay it over for the ransom of Christians either in Turkey or any where else. When the usurer learned afterward how he had been duped, he died of vexation.

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[*] Canto v., xxx. iii. The Court.